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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Jacob and Esau

Jacob and Esau

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Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Jacob and Esau

Licensed in 1557–8
Date of earliest known Edition, 1568
Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Jacob and Esau

1568

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

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Jacob and Esau

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (*Press-mark*, C. 34, b. 25).

"*Jacob and Esau*" *was licensed in* 1557–8, *and was probably printed soon afterwards, so that the* 1568 *edition is not likely to be the first one, but no other impression is extant. Other copies of this play are at Chatsworth and Bridgewater House.*

"*Jacob and Esau*" *was first reprinted in modern times by Hazlitt in his edition of* "*Dodsley's Old Plays*," *but never before now in facsimile.*

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this reproduction with the original copy, reports it to be "*a first-rate facsimile, practically faultless.*" *Special points of criticism are :—*

(1) B.j. verso, *foot of page, the* "*s*" *of* "*Actus*" *is more blurred than in original.*

(2) C.iij. verso, *line* 28, *last word, rather clearer in original,* "**potte.**"

(3) F.j., recto, *line* 11, *the stroke under* "**apparailed**" *is not in original.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

A newe mery and wittie Comedie or Enterlude, newely imprinted, treating vpon the Hiſtorie of Iacob and Eſau, taken out of the xxvij. Chap. of the firſt booke of Moſes *entituled Geneſis.*

The partes and names of the Players who are to be conſydered to be Hebrews and ſo ſhould be apparailed with attire.

1 The Prologe, a Poete.
2 Iſaac, an olde man, father to Iacob & Eſau.
3 Rebecca an olde womã, wife to Iſaac.
4 Eſau, a yong man and a hunter.
5 Iacob, a yong mã of godly conuerſation.
6 Zethar a neighbour.
7 Haran, a neighbour to Iſaac alſo.
8 Ragau, ſeruaunt vnto Eſau.
9 Pido, a little Boy, leading Iſaac.
10 Debora, the nurſe of Iſaacs Wife.
11 Abra, a little wench, ſeruãt to Rebecca.

Imprinted at London by Henrie Bynneman, dvvelling in Knightrider ſtreate, at the ſigne of the Mermayde.
Anno Domini 1568.

C. 9159

The Prologue of the play.

IN the Boke of Geneſis it is expreſſed,
That whē God to Abrahā made ſure promis
That in his ſæde al nations ſhold be bleſſed:
To ſend him a ſon by Sara he did not miſſe,
Then to Iſaac (as there recorded it is)
By Rebecca his wife, who had lōg time tē ba(rain
Whē pleaſed him, at one birth he ſent ſons twaine.

But before Jacob and Eſau yet borne were,
Or had eyther done good, or yll perpetrate:
As the prophete Malachie and Paule witneſſe beare,
Jacob was choſen, and Eſau reprobate:
Jacob I loue (ſayde God) and Eſau I hate.
For it is not (ſayth Paule) in mans renning or will,
But in Gods mercy who choſeth whome he will.

But now for our comming we ſhal exhibite here
Of Jacob and Eſau howe the ſtory was,
Wherby Gods adoption may plainly appeare:
And alſo, that what euer Gods ordinance was,
Nothing might defeate, but that it muſte come to paſſe.
That if this ſtorie may your eyes or eares delite,
We pray you of pacience, while we it recite.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

The Hiſtorie of Jacob and Eſau.

Actus primi, Scæna prima.

Ragau the ſeruant. Eſau a yong man his maiſter.

Ragau entreth with his horn at his back, and his huntyng ſtaffe in hys hande, and leadeth iij. greyhounds or one as may be gotten.

Here he counterfaiteth how his maiſter calleth hym vp in the mornings, and of his anſweres.

NOw lette me ſée what tyme it is by the ſtarre light?
Gods ſoz his grace man, why it is not yet midnight,
We might haue ſlept theſe four houres yet I dare well (ſay.
But this is our good Eſau his common play:
What the dyuell ayleth him? now truly I thinke plaine,
He hath either ſome wozmes oz bottes in his bzaine.
He ſcarcely ſléepeth.xij. good houres in two wéekes.
I wote wel his watching maketh me haue leane chéekes.
Foz there is none other life with hym day by day,
But vp Ragau, vp drouſy hogges head I ſay:
Why when? Up, will it not be? Up. I come anon.
Up, oz I ſhall reyſe you in fayth ye drouſy howeſon.
Why, when? ſhall I fette you? I come ſyz by and by.
Up with a wilde wenyon, how long wilt thou lie?
Up I ſay, vp at once. Up vp, let vs goe hence,
It is tyme we were in the fozreſt an houre ſence.
Nowe the deuill ſtoppe that ſame pallyng thzote (thynke I)
Somwhiles. Foz from he call, farewell all winke of eye.
Begin he once to call, I ſléepe no moze that ſtounde,
Though half an houres ſlepe wer wozth .x. thouſand pound.
Anon when I come in, and bydde him good mozow:
Ah ſyz, vp at laſt, the deuyll gyue thée sozow.
Nowe the diuell breake thy necke (thinke I by and by)
That haſt no witte to ſcape, noz in thy bedde to lye.
Then come on at once, take my quiuer and my bowe,
Fette Louell my hounde, and my hozne to blowe.
Then fozth goe we ſallyng an houre oz two ere day,
Befoze we may well ſée either our handes oz way,

And there raunge we the wilde foreſt, no crumme of bread
From morning to ſtarck night coming within our head,
Sometime Eſaus ſelfe will faynt for drinke and meate:
So that he would be glad of a dead horſe to eate.
Yet of freſhe the next morow forth he will againe,
And ſomtime not come home in a whole night or twaine:
Nor no delite he hath, no appetite nor minde
But to the wilde Forreſt, to hunt the Harte or Hinde,
The Roebucke, the wilde boze, the fallow Dére, or Hare:
But howe poze Ragau ſhall dine, he hath no care,
Poze I, muſt eate Acornes or Bearies from the Tré.
But if I be founde ſlacke in the ſute following,
Or if I do fayle in blowing or hallowing,
Or if I lacke my Staffe, or my Horne by my ſyde:
He will be quicke inough to ſume chaſe, and chide.
Am I not well at eaſe ſuche a mayſter to ſerue,
As muſt haue ſuch ſeruice, and yet will let me ſterue?
But in faith his faſhions diſpleaſe moe than me,
And will haue but a madde ende one day we ſhall ſée.
He paſſeth nothing on Rebecca his mother,
And much leſſe paſſeth he on Jacob hys brother.
But peace, mumme, no moze: I ſee maiſter Eſau.

Here Eſau appereth in ſight, and bloweth his Horne, ere he enter.

Eſau. Howe nowe, are we all ready ſeruaunt Ragau?
Art thou vp for all day man? art thou ready now?

Ragau. I haue ben here this halfe houre ſyr waityng for you.

Eſau. And is all thing ready as I bad, to my mynde?

Ragau. Ye haue no cauſe, that I know, any fault to fynde:
Except that we diſeaſe our tent and neighbours all
With riſing ouer early eche day when ye call.

Eſau. Ah thou drouſy draffeſacke, wouldeſt thou ryſe at none?
Nay I trow the firth houre with thée were ouerſone.

Ragau. Nay I ſpeake of your neighbours being men honeſt,
That labour all the day, and would faine be at reſt:
Whom with blowing your Horne ye diſeaſe al aboutes.

Eſau. What care I for waking a ſorte of clubbiſhe loutes?

And

And I ſpeake of Rebecca your mother, our dame. Ragau.
Tutte I paſſe not whether ſhe doe me prayſe or blame. Eſau.
And I ſpeake of your good father, olde Iſaac. Ragau.
Peace fooliſhe knaue: As for my father Iſaac, Eſau.
In caſe he be a ſléepe, I doe him not diſeaſe,
And if he be waking, I knowe I do him pleaſe,
For he loueth me well from myne natiuitie,
And neuer ſo as now, for myne actiuitie. Here Eſau blo weth his horn agayne.
Therfore haue at it, once more will I blow my Horne
To giue my neighbour loutes an haile peale in a morne.
Now my maiſter Lightfoote, how ſay you to this geare, Here he ſpeaketh to hys Dogges.
Will you do your duetie to redde or fallow Deare?
And Swan mine owne good curre, I do think in my minde,
The game ſhal runne apace, if thou come farre behinde:
And ha Takepart, come Takepart, here, how ſay you child
Wilt not thou do thy part? yes, elſe I am beguilde.
But I ſhrewe your chéekes, they haue had to much meat.
I blame not dogges to take it, if they may it geat: Ragau.
But as for my parte, they coulde haue pardie,
A ſmall releuauit of that that ye giue me.
They may runne light inough for ought of me they got,
I had not a good meales meate this wéeke that I wot.
If we haue lucke thys day to kill Hare, Teg, or Doe, Eſau.
Thou ſhalt eate thy belly full, tyll thou cryeſt hoe.
I thanke you when I haue it, maiſter Eſau. Ragau.
Well, come on, let vs goe nowe ſeruant Ragau. Eſau.
Is there any thing more, that I ſhoulde ſay or do?
For perhaps we come not againe this day or two.
I know nothing maiſter, to God I make a bow, Ragau.
Except you woulde take your brother Iacob with you:
I neuer yet ſawe hym with you an hunting goe,
Shall we proue hym once whether he will goe or no?
No, no, that were in vaine: Alas good ſimple mome. Eſau.
Nay, he muſt tarrie and ſucke mothers dugge at home:
Iacob muſt kéepe home I trow, vnder mothers wing,

To be from the Tentes he loueth not of all thing.
Jacob loueth no huntyng in the wylde foreſt:
And would feare if he ſhoulde there ſée any wylde beaſt.
Yea to ſée the game runne, Jacob would be in feare.

Ragau. In good ſoth I wene he would think eche Hare a Beare.
Eſau. What brother myne, what a worde call ye that?
Ragau. Syr I am ſcarſe waked: I ſpake ere I wyſt what.
Eſau. Come on your ways my childe, take the law of the game.
I will wake you I trowe, and ſet your tongue in frame.
Ragau. Oh what haue you done maiſter Eſau, Gods apes.
Eſau. Why can ye not yet refraine from letting ſuch ſcapes?
Come on, ye muſt haue three iertes for the nonce.
One.
Ragau. Oh, for Gods loue ſyr haue done, diſpatche at once.
Eſau. Nay there is no remedy but byde it, there is twaine.
Ragau. O ye rent my cheuerell, let me be paſt my paine.
Eſau. Take hede of Huting termes frō henſorth, there is three;
Ragau. Whoup. Nowe a miſchief on all mopyng fooles for mée.
Jacob ſhall kéepe the Tentes tenne yeare for Ragau,
Ere I moue againe that he hunt wyth Eſau.
Eſau. Come on, now let vs goe. God ſende vs game and lucke,
And if my hande ſerue me well,
Ragau. Ye wyll kill a Ducke. Exeant ambo.

Actus primi, Scæna ſecunda

Hanan. Zethar. two of Iſaacs neighbors.

Hanan. AH ſyr, I ſée I am an early man thys morne,
I am once more begylde with Eſau his horne.
But there is no ſuche ſtirrer as Eſau is:
He is vp day by day before the Crowe pis:
Then maketh he with his Horne ſuch tooting and blowing
And with his wyde throate ſuch ſhouting and hallowing,
That no neighbour ſhall in his Tent take any reſt,

From

From Eſau addreſſeth hym to the Foreſt.
So that he maketh vs whether we will or no,
Better huſbandes than we woulde be, abroade to go,
Eche of vs about our buſineſſe and our warke.
But whome doe I ſée yonder commyng in the darke?
It is my neyghbor Zethar, I perceyue hym nowe.
What neighbour Hanan, well met, good morow to you. Zethar.
I ſée well nowe I am not beguiled alone:
But what bote to lye ſtill? for reſt we can take none.
That I meruayle much of olde father Iſaac,
Beyng ſo godly a man, why he is ſo ſlacke
To byng hys ſonne Eſau to a better ſtay.
What ſhoulde he do in the matter I you pray? Hanan.
Oh it is no ſmall charge to fathers afore God, Zethar.
So to traine their children in youth vnder the rod,
That when they come to age they may vertue enſue,
Wicked prankes abhorre, and all leudneſſe eſchue.
And me thinketh Iſaac, being a man (as he is)
A choſen man of God, ſhoulde not be ſlacke in this.
Alack good man, what ſhould he do more than he hath don? Hanan.
I dare ſay no father hath better taught his ſonne,
Nor no two haue giuen better example of life
Vnto their children, than bothe he and his wife:
As by their yonger ſonne Iacob it doth appeare.
He lyueth no lewde life, he doth God loue and feare.
He kéepeth here in the Tentes lyke a quiete man:
He geueth not hymſelfe to wildneſſe any whan.
But Eſau euermore from his yong childehode
Hath ben lyke to proue yll, and neuer to be good.
Yong it pricketh (folkes do ſay) that wyll be a thorne,
Eſau hath ben nought euer ſince he was borne.
And wherof commeth this, of Education?
Nay it is of his owne yll inclination.
They were brought vp bothe vnder one tuition,
But they be not bothe of one diſpoſition.

Eſau

Eſau is gyuen to loce and leude liuyng.
Zethar. In fayth I warrant him haue but ſhreude thriuing.
Hanan. Neither ſee I any hope that he will amende.
Zethar. Then let hym euen loke to come to an yll ende.
For youth that will folow none but theyr owne bridle,
That leadeth a diſſolute lyfe and an ydle,
Youth that refuſeth holſome documentes,
Or to take example of theyr godly parentes,
Youth that is retcheleſſe, and taketh no regarde,
What become of them ſelfe, nor which ende goe forwarde,
It is great meruaile and a ſpeciall grace,
If euer they come to goodneſſe all theyr life ſpace.
But why doe we conſume this whole morning in talke,
Of one that hath no recke ne care what way he walke,
We had bene as good to haue kept our bedde ſtill.
Hanan. Oh it is our parte to lamente them that doe yll.
Lyke as very Nature, a godly heart dothe moue
Others good proceedings to tender and to loue:
So ſuche as in no wiſe to goodneſſe will be brought:
What good mã but wil mourn, ſince god vs al hath wrought
But ye haue ſome buſyneſſe, and ſo haue I.
Zethar. And we haue ben long, farewell neighbour heartily.

Actus primi, ſcæna tertia.

Rebecca the Mother. Iacob the Sonne.

Rebecca. COme forth ſonne Iacob, why tarrieſt thou behinde?
Iacob. Forſoth mother, I thought ye had ſayd al your minde.
Rebecca. Nay, come I haue yet a worde or two more to ſay.
Iacob. What ſoeuer pleaſeth you, ſpeake to me ye may.
Rebecca. Seyng thy brother Eſau is ſuche an one,
Why rebukeſt thou hym not when ye are alone?
Why doeſt thou not gyue him ſome good ſad wyſe counſaile?
Iacob. He lacketh not that mother, if it wouldе auaile.

But

But when I doe him any thing of his fault tell,
He calleth me fo̲liſhe p̲roude boy with him to mell.
He will ſomtime demaunde by what auth̲o̲rite,
I p̲reſume to teache them which mine elders be?
He will ſomtime aſke if I learne of my mother,
To take on me teaching of mine elder brother?
Sometime when I tell hym of his lewde behauiour,
He will lende me a mocke o̲r twaine fo̲r my labour:
And ſomtime fo̲r anger he will out with his purſe
And call me as pleaſe hym, and ſweare he will doe wurſe.
O lo̲rde, that to beare ſuch a ſonne it was my chaunce. Rebecca.
Mother, we muſt be content with Gods o̲rdinaunce. Iacob.
O̲r, if I ſhoulde nedes haue Eſau to my ſonne, Rebecca.
Would God thou Iacob haddeſt the Elderſhip wonne.
Mother, it is to late to wiſhe fo̲r that is paſt: Iacob.
It will not be done now with ye neuer ſo faſt.
And I woulde not haue you to wiſh agaynſt Gods wyll:
Fo̲r both it is in baine, and alſo it is yll.
Why did it not pleaſe God, that thou ſhouldeſt as wele Rebecca.
Treade vpon his crowne, as holde hym faſt by the hele?
Whatſoeuer myſterie the Lo̲rde therein ment, Iacob.
Muſt be referred to his vnſerched iudgement.
And what ſoeuer he hath pointed me vnto,
I am his owne veſſell his will with me to do.
Well, ſome ſtraunge thing therin of God intended was, Rebecca.
And what he hath decreed, muſt ſure come to paſſe. Iacob.
I remember when I had you both conceiued, Rebecca.
A voyce thus ſaying from the Lo̲rde I receiued:
Rebecca, in thy wombe are now two nations,
Of vnlike natures and contrary fashions.
The one ſhal be a mightier people elect:
And the elder to the yonger ſhall be ſubiect.
I knowe this voyce came not to me of nothing:
Therfo̲re thou ſhalt folow my counſell in o thing.
So it be not diſpleaſing to the Lo̲rde I muſt. Iacob.

Rebecca. I feare the lorde eke, who is mercifull and iuſt:
And loth would I be, his maieſtie to offende,
But by me (I doubt not to worke he doth intende,
Aſſay if thou canſt, at ſome one tyme or other,
To buie the right of elderſhip from thy brother:
Do thou baye the birthright that to hym doth belong,
So mayſt thou haue the bleſſing, and doe hym no wrong.
What thou haſt once bought, is thyne owne of due right.

Iacob. Mother Rebecca, if without en fraude I might,
I would your aduiſe put in vre with all my hart,
But I may not attempt any ſuch guilefull part:
To buie my brothers elderſhip and hys birthright,
I feare woulde be a great offence in Gods ſight.
Which thyng if I wiſt, to redeme I ne wolde,
Though I might get therby ten millions of golde.

Rebecca. God, who by his worde and almightifull decree,
Hath appoynted the Eſau his lorde to bee,
Hath appointed ſome way to haue it brought about.
And that is thys way, my ſprite doth not doute.

Iacob. Upon your worde mother, I will aſſay ere long,
Yet it grudgeth my heart to doe my brother wrong.

Rebecca. Thou ſhalt do no wrong ſonne Iacob, on my perill.

Iacob. Then by Gods leaue once aſſay I wil.

Rebecca. Then farewell dere ſon, Gods bleſſing & mine with thee.

Iacob. I will againe to the Tent. Well you bee. Exeat Iacob.

Rebecca. Ah my ſweete ſonne Iacob, good fortune God thee ſende.
The moſt gentle yong man alriue, as God me mende.
And the moſte naturall to father and mother:
O that ſuch a meke ſpirite were in thy brother,
Or thy ſyre loued thee as thou haſt merited,
And then ſhould Eſau ſone be diſherited.

Actus

Actus primi, Scæna quarta.

Iſaac the husbande, Rebecca, the wife.
Mido, the ladde that leadeth blinde Iſaac.

Where art thou my boy Mido, when I doe thée lacke? Iſaac.
Who calleth Mido? here good maiſter Iſaac. Mido.
Come leade me forth of dores a little I thée praye. Iſaac.
Lay your hande on my ſhoulder, and come on this way. Mido.
Now O Lorde of heauen, the fountaine of all grace, Rebecca.
If it be thy good will that my will ſhall take place:
Sende ſucceſſe to Iacob, according to thy worde,
That his elder brother may ſerue hym as his lorde.
Syr, whyther would ye goe, now that abroade ye be? Mido.
To myne Rebecca. Iſaac.
Ponder I doe hir ſée. Mido.
Lorde, thou knoweſt Iacob to be thy ſeruant true, Rebecca.
And Eſau all frowarde thy wayes to enſue.
Ponder ſhe is ſpeaking, what euer ſhe doth ſay: Mido.
By holdyng vp hir handes, it ſéemeth ſhe doth praye.
Where be ye wife Rebecca? where be ye woman? Iſaac.
Who is that calleth? Iſaac my good man? Rebecc
Where be ye wyfe Rebecca, lette me vnderſtande? Iſaac.a.
She commeth to you apace. Mido.
Here my lorde, at hande. Rebecca.
Sauing that what ſo euer God doth is all right, Iſaac.
No ſmall griefe it were for a man to lacke his ſight.
But what the Lord doth ſende or worke by his high will,
Can not but be the beſt, no ſuch thing can be yll. Rebecca.
All bodily puniſhement or infirmitie, Iſaac.
With all maimes of nature, what euer they be,
Yea and all other afflictions temporall:
As loſſe, perſecution, or troubles mortall,
Are nothing but a triall or probation.
And what is he that firmely truſteth in the Lorde,

Or ſtedfaſtly beleueth his promiſe and worde,
And knoweth him to be the God omnipotent,
That ſeeth and gouerneth all that he hath ſent:
Protecting his faithfull in euery degree,
And them to relieue in all their neceſſitie?
What creature (I ſay) that doth this vnderſtande,
Will not take all thing in good parte at Gods hande?
Shall we at Gods hand receyue proſperitie,
And not be content likewiſe with aduerſitie?
We ought to be thankefull what euer God doth ſende,
And our ſelues wholy to his will to commende.

Rebecca. So ſhould it be, and I thanke my lorde Iſaac,
Suche dayly leſſons at your hande I doe not lack.

Iſaac. Why then ſhould not I thanke the Lorde, if it pleaſe him
That I ſhall nowe be blynde, and my ſight ware all dim.
For who ſo to olde age will here liue and endure,
Muſt of force abide all ſuche defaultes of nature.

Pido. Why muſt I be blinde too, if I be an olde man?
How ſhall I grope the way, or who ſhall leade me than?

Iſaac. If the Lorde haue pointed thee ſuch olde dayes to ſee,
He wil alſo prouide that ſhall be meete for thee.

Pido. I trowe if I were blinde, I coulde goe well inowe,
I coulde grope the way thus, and goe as I do nowe.
I haue done ſo ere now both by day and by night,
As I ſee you grope the way, and haue hitte it right.

Rebecca. Yea ſyr boy, will ye play any ſuche childiſhe knack?
As to counterfaite your blinde maiſter Iſaac:
What is but to mocke him for his impediment.

Pido. Nay I neuer dyd it in any ſuche intent.

Rebecca. Nay it is to tempt God before thou haue nede:
Wherby thou mayſt prouoke hym in very deede,
With ſome great miſfortune or plague to puniſh thee.

Pido. Then will I neuer more do ſo while I may ſee:
But againſt I be blinde, I will be ſo perfight,
That though no man leade me, I will go at midnight.

Nowe

Nowe wife, touching the purpoſe that I ſought for you. Iſaac.
What ſayth my lorde Iſaac to his handemaide now? Rebecca.
Ye haue ofte in couerte wordes ben right earneſt Iſaac.
To haue me graunt vnto you a boune and requeſt:
But ye neuer tolde me yet plainly what it was,
Therfore I haue euer yet lette the matter paſſe.
And now of late by ofte being from me abſent,
I haue halfe ſuſpected you to be ſcarce content.
But wife Rebecca, I woulde not haue you to mourne,
As though I did your honeſt petition wourne.
For I neuer ment to denie in all my life
Any lawfull or honeſt requeſt to my wyfe.
But in caſe it be a thing vnreaſonable,
Then muſt I nedes be to you vntractable.
Now therfore ſay on, and tell me what is your caſe.
I woulde, if I were ſure in your heart to fynde grace: Rebecca.
Elſe for I woulde be lothe.
To ſpeake do not refraine, Iſaac.
And if it be reaſonable ye ſhall obtaine:
Otherwiſe, ye muſt pardon me gentle ſweete wife.
Sir, ye knowe your ſonne Eſau, and ſee his life, Rebecca.
Howe lewde it is, and howe ſtiffe he is and ſtubberne,
Howe retcheleſly he doth him ſelfe miſgouerne:
He geueth himſelfe to hunting out of reaſon,
And ſerueth the Lorde and vs at no time or ſeaſon.
Theſe conditions can not be acceptable
In the ſyght of God, nor to men allowable.
Nowe his brother Iacob your yonger ſonne and mine,
Dothe more applie his heart to ſeeke the wayes diuine.
He liueth here quietly at home in the Tent,
There is no man nor childe but is with him content.
Oh wife, I perceiue ye ſpeake of affection, Iſaac.
To Iacob ye beare loue, and to his brother none.
I deede ſyr, I can not loue Eſau ſo well Rebecca.
As I doe Iacob, the plaine truth to you to tell.

For I haue no comforte of Eſau God wot:
I ſcarſe know where I haue a ſonne of hym or not.
He goeth abroade ſo early before day light,
And returneth home againe ſo late in the night,
And vneth I ſette eye on hym in the whole weeke:
No ſometime not in twaine, though I doe for hym ſeeke.
And all the neighbours ſee him as ſeldome as I.
But when they would take reſt, they heare hym blow & cry.
Some ſee him ſo ſeldome, they aſke if he be ſicke:
Somtimes ſome demaunde whether he be dead or quicke.
But to make ſhort tale, ſuch his conditions be,
That I wiſhe of God he had nere bene borne of me.

Iſaac. Well wyfe, I loue Eſau, and muſt for cauſes twaine.
Rebecca. Surely your loue is beſtowed on him in vayne.
Iſaac. Fyrſt actiue he is, as any yong man can be:
And many a good morſell he bringeth home to me.
Then he is myne eldeſt and firſt begotten ſonne.
Rebecca. If God were ſo pleaſed, I would that were foredonne.
Iſaac. And the eldeſt ſonne is called the fathers might.
Rebecca. If yours reſt in Eſau, God giue vs good night.
Iſaac. A prerogatiue he hath in euery thing.
Rebecca. More pitie he ſhoulde haue it without deſeruing.
Iſaac. Of all the goodes his portion is greater.
Rebecca. That the worthy ſhould haue it, I thinke much better.
Iſaac. Emong his bretherne, he hath the preeminence.
Rebecca. Where Eſau is chiefe, there is a gay preſence.
Iſaac. Ouer his bretherne he is ſoueraigne and lorde.
Rebecca. Such dignitie in Eſau doth yll accorde.
Iſaac. He is the head of the fathers ſucceſſion.
Rebecca. I woulde Eſau had loſte that poſſeſſion.
Iſaac. And he hath the chiefe title of inheritaunce.
Rebecca. Wiſedome woulde in Eſau chaunge that ordinaunce.
Iſaac. To the eldeſt ſonne is due the fathers bleſſing.
Rebecca. That ſhould be Iacobs, if I might haue my wiſhing.
Iſaac. And the chiefe endowement of the fathers ſubſtance.

Which

Which will thyne well in Eſau his gouernence. Rebecca.
By title of Elderſhip he hath his birthright. Iſaac.
And that would I remoue to Iacob if I might. Rebecca.
He muſt haue double porcion to an other. Iſaac.
That were more fitte for Iacob hys ponger brother. Rebecca.
In all maner of things diuided by a rate. Iſaac.
Well gyuen goodes to him that the Lorde doth hate. Rebecca.
Why ſay ye ſo of Eſau mine eldeſt ſonne? Iſaac.
I ſay true, if he proceede as he hath begonne. Rebecca.
Is he not your ſonne to, as well as he is myne? Iſaac.
Wherfore do ye then againſt him thus ſore repine?
Becauſe that in my ſpirite verily I know, Rebecca.
God will ſet vp Iacob, and Eſau downe throwe.
I haue ſhewed you many a tyme ere this day,
What the Lorde of them beyng in my wombe dyd ſay.
I vſe not for to lye: And I beleue certaine,
That the Lorde ſpake not theſe wordes to me in vaine.
And Iacob it is (I know) in whome the Lorde will
His promiſes to you made, and to your ſeede fulfyll.
I doubt not his promiſe made to me and my ſeede, Iſaac.
Leaning to his conueyaunce howe it ſhall proceede.
The Lorde after his way chaunge thinheritance,
But I may not wetingly breake our ordinance.
Nowe woulde God, I couldē perſuade my lorde Iſaac, Rebecca.
Iacob to preferre, and Eſau to put backe.
I may not do it wife, I pray you be content. Iſaac.
The title of birthright that commeth by deſcent,
Or the place of elderſhyp comming by due courſe
I may not chaunge nor ſhift, for better nor for wourſe.
Natures lawe it is, the eldeſt ſonne to enherytage,
And in no wiſe to barre hym of his heritage.
And ye ſhall of Eſau one day haue comforte.
Set a good long day then, or elſe we ſhal come ſhort. Rebecca.
I warrant you, he will doe well inough at length. Iſaac.
You muſt nedes cōmend him being your might & ſtrēgth Rebecca.

Iſaac. Well, nowe go we hence, little Pido where art thou?
Pido. I haue ſtode here all thys while, liſtning howe you
And my Dame Rebecca haue bene laying the lawe,
But ſhe hath as quicke anſweres as euer I ſawe.
Ye coulde not ſpeake any thing vnto hir ſo thicke,
But ſhe had hir anſwere as ready and as quicke.
Iſaac. Yea, womens anſweres are but fewe times to ſéeke.
Pido. But I did not ſée Eſau neither all this ſame weéke:
For I do loue your ſonne Eſau ſo well,
As I do loue your ſonne Iacob by a great deale.
Iſaac. No doeſt thou Pido, and tell me the cauſe why?
Pido. Why? for I doe not: And none other cauſe knowe I.
But euery body as well one as other,
Doe wiſh that Iacob had bene the elder brother.
Iſaac. Well, come on, let vs goe.
Pido. And who ſhall leade you? I?
Rebecca. No, it is my office as long as I am by.
And I woulde all wiues, as the worlde this day is,
Woulde vnto their huſbandes likewiſe do their office.
Pido. Why dame Rebecca, then al wedded men ſhold be blind.
Rebecca. What thou fooliſh ladde, no ſuch thing was in my minde.

Actus ſecundi, ſcæna prima.

Ragau. the Seruant of Eſau.

Ragau. I Haue hearde it ofte, but nowe I féele a wonder,
In what grieuous paine they die, that die for hunger.
Oh my greédie ſtomacke howe it doth bite and gnawe?
If I were at a racke, I could eate hey or ſtrawe.
Mine emptie gutts doe frette, my mawe doth euen teare,
Woulde God I had a piece of ſome horſeheéad here.
Yet is maiſter Eſau in worſe caſe than I.
If he haue not ſome meate the ſoner he will die:
Ye hath ſonke for faintneſſe twice or thrice by the way.

And

And not one ſelye bitte we got ſince yeſterday.
All that euer he hath, he woulde haue giuen to day
To haue had but thꝛée moꝛſels his hunger to allay.
Oꝛ in the fielde to haue mette with ſome hoggs,
I coulde ſcarſely kepe him from eating of theſe doggs.
He hath ſent me afoꝛe ſome meate foꝛ to pꝛouide,
And commeth cꝛéeping after, ſcarſe able to ſtride.
But if I knowe where to get of any man,
Foꝛ to eaſe myne owne ſelfe, as hungry as I am,
I pꝛay God I ſtinke: but if any come to me,
Die who die will, foꝛ ſure I will firſt ſerued be.
I will ſée if any be ready here at home:
Oꝛ whether Iacob haue any that peakiſhe mome.
But firſt I muſt put all my dogges vp,
And lay vp thys geare, and then God ſende vs the cup.

Actus ſecundi, ſcæná ſecunda.

Eſau the maiſter. Ragau the ſeruant.

OH what a grieuous pain is hunger to a man?
Take all that I haue foꝛ meate, helpe who that can.
O Loꝛde, ſome good body foꝛ Gods ſake gyue me meate.
I ſoꝛce not what it were, ſo that I had to eate.
Meate oꝛ dꝛinke, ſaue my life, oꝛ bꝛeade, I recke not what.
If there be nothing elſe, ſome man giue me a cat.
If any good body on me will doe ſo much coſt,
I will teare and eate hir rawe, ſhe ſhall nere be roſt,
I pꝛomiſe of honeſtie I will eate hir rawe.
And what a nody was I, and a howꝛeſon dawe,
To let Ragau goe with all my doggs at ones:
A ſhoulder of a dogge were nowe meate foꝛ the nones.
Oh what ſhall I doe? my téeth I can ſcarſely charme,
From gnawyng away the bꝛaune of my very arme.
I can no longer ſtande foꝛ faynt, I muſt nédes lie.
And except meate come ſone, remedileſſe I die.

Eſau. Commeth in ſo faint that he can ſcarſe go.

And where art thou Ragau whome I ſent before?
Unleſſe thou come at once, I neuer ſée thée more.
Where art thou Ragau, I heare not of thée yet?

Ragau. Here as faſt as I can, but no meate can I get.
Not one draught of drink, not one poore morſel of bread
Not one bit or crum though I ſhold ſtreight way be dead.
Therfore ye may nowe ſée how much ye are to blame,
That wil thus ſterue your ſelf for folowing your game.

Eſau. Ah thou villain, telleſt thou me this now?
If had thée, I woulde eate thée, to God I bowe,
Ah, meat thou horſon, why haſt thou not brought me meat?

Ragau. Would you haue me bring you that I can nowhere geat.
Eſau. Come hither, let me tell thée a worde in thine eare.
Ragau. Nay, ſpeake out alounde: I will not come a foote nere.
Fall ye to ſnatching at folkes? adieu I am gone.

Eſau. Nay for gods loue Ragau, leaue me not alone:
I will not eate thée Ragau, ſo God me helpe.

Ragau. No, I ſhall deſire you to chooſe ſome other whelpe.
Being in your beſt luſt I woulde topple with ye,
And plucke a good crowe ere ye brake your faſt with me.
What? are you mankene now? I recken it beſt I,
To bind your handes behind you euen as ye lye.

Eſau. Nay haue mercy on me, and let me not periſhe.
Ragau. In faith nought could I get wherwith you to cheriſhe.
Eſau. Was there nothing to be had among ſo many?
Ragau. I coulde not finde one but Jacob that had any,
And no grannt would he make for ought that I could ſay,
Yet no man aliue with fairer wordes coulde him pray.
But the beſt redde pottage he hath that euer was.

Eſau. Go pray him I may ſpeake with him once ere I paſſe.
Ragau. That meſſage by Gods grace ſhall not long be vndone.
Eſau. Hie thée go apace, and returne againe ſone.
If Jacob haue due brotherly compaſſion,
He will not ſée me fainte after this faſhion,
But I dare ſay, the wretche had rather ſée me thrall,

Then

Than he would finde in his harte to do ſo muche coſt:
For where is betweene one frenman and an other,
Leſſe loue found than now betweene brother and brother?
Will Iacob come forth to ſhewe comforte vnto me?
The horeſon hippocrite will as ſone hanged be.
Yet peace, me thinketh Iacob is comming in dede:
And my minde geueth me at his hande I ſhall ſpede.
For he is as gentle and louing as can be,
As full of compaſſion and pitie.
But let me ſée, doth he come? no I warrant you.
He come quod I? tuſhe, he come? then hang Eſau.
For there is not this daye in all the worlde rounde,
Suche an other hoddypeake wretche to be founde.
And Ragau my man, is not that a fine knaue?
Haue any mo maiſters ſuche a man as I haue?
So idle, ſo loytring, ſo trifling, ſo toying?
So prattling, ſo tratling, ſo chiding, ſo boying?
So ieſting, ſo wreſting, ſo mocking, ſo mowing?
So nipping, ſo tripping, ſo cocking, ſo crowyng?
So knappiſhe, ſo ſnappiſhe, ſo elniſhe, ſo frowarde?
So crabbed, ſo wrabbed, ſo ſtiffe, ſo vntowarde?
In play or in paſtime, ſo wrunde, ſo mery?
In worke or in labour ſo dead or ſo weary?
Oh that I had his eare betweene my téth now,
I ſhould ſhake him euen as a dog that lulleth a ſow.
But in faith if euer I recouer my ſelfe,
There was neuer none trounced as I ſhal trounce that elf.
Ye and Iacob are agréed I dare ſay, I,
Not to come at all, but to ſuffre me here to die.
Whiche if they do, they ſhall finde this ſame word true,
That after I am dead, my ſoule ſhall them purſue.
I wyll be auenged on all foes till I dye.
Yea and take vengeaunce when I am deade to I.
For I miſtruſt againſt me agréed they haue:
For thone is but a ſole, and thother a ſtarke knaue.

Ragau. I aſſure you Jacob, the man is very weake.
Eſau. But hearke once again, me thinke I heare them ſpeake.
Ragau. I promiſe you I feare his lyfe be alreadie paſt.
Jacob. Mary God forbidde.
Eſau. Loe nowe they come at laſt.
Ragau. If ye beleue not me, ſée your ſelfe where he is.
Jacob. Fye brother Eſau, what a foly is this?
About vaine paſtime to wander abroade, and peake,
Til with hunger you make your ſelfe thus faint & weake.
Eſau. Brother Jacob, I pray you chide now no longer,
But giue me ſomewhat wherwith to ſlake mine honger.
Jacob. Alack brother, I haue in my little cotage,
Nothing but a meaſe of groſſe and homely pottage.
Eſau. Refreſhe me therwithall, and boldly aſke of me,
The beſt thing that I haue, what ſoeuer it be.
I were a very beaſt, when thou my life doeſt ſaue,
If I ſhoulde ſticke with thée for the beſt thyng I haue.
Jacob. Can ye be content to ſell your birthright to mée?
Eſau. Holde, here is my hande, I doe ſell it here to thée.
With all the profites thereof henceforth to be thine,
As frée, as full, as large, as euer it was mine.
Jacob. Then ſweare thou hand in hande before the lyuing Lord,
This bargaine to fulfill, and to ſtande by thy worde.
Eſau. Before the Lord I ſweare, to whom eche heart is knowen
That my birthright that was, from henſforth is thine owne.
Jacob. Thou ſhalt alſo with me by this promiſe indent,
With this bargaine and ſale to holde thy ſelfe content.
Eſau. If eche penie therof might be worth twentie pounde,
I willingly to thée ſurrender it this ſtounde.
And if eche cicle might be worth a whole talent,
I promiſe with this ſale to holde me content.
Jacob. Come, let vs ſet him on foote that he may goe ſup.
Ragau. Nay, fyrſt I will knowe a thing, ere I helpe him vp.
Sirra, will ye eate folke when ye are long faſting?
Eſau. No, I pray thée helpe me vp, and leaue thy ieſting.

No

No trow, eate your brother Iacob nowe if you luſt. Ragau.
For you ſhall not eate me, I tell you, that is iuſt.
Come, that with my pottage thou mayſt refreſhed be. Iacob.
There is no meate on earth that ſo wel liketh me. Eſau.
Yet I may tell you, it is potage dearely bought. Ragau.
No not a whitte, for my bargaine take thou no thought. Eſau.
I deſye that birthright that ſhoulde be of more price,
Than helping of ones ſelfe, I am not ſo vnwiſe.
And how then ſir, ſhall poore Ragau haue no meate? Ragau.
Yes, and if thou canſt my brother Iacob intreate. Eſau.
God graunt I haue inough for Eſau alone. Iacob.
Why then I perceyue poore Ragau ſhall haue none. Ragau.
Well, much good do it you with your potage of Rice: Eſau entring
I woulde faſt and fare yll, ere I eate of that price. into Iacobs tēt
Woulde I ſell my birthright beyng an eldeſt ſonne? ſhaketh Ra-
Forſoth then were it a faire thrēde that I had ſponne. gau off.
And then to lette it goe for a meaſe of pottage,
What is that, but bothe vnthriftineſſe and dotage?
Alack, alack, good bleſſed father Iſaac,
That euer ſonne of thine, ſhoulde play ſuch a leude knacke.
And yet I doe not thinke but God this thyng hath wrought,
For Iacob is as good as Eſau is nought.
But forth commeth Mido, as faſt as he can trot:
For a cicle, whether to call me in or not?

Actus ſecundi, ſcæna tertia

Mido the boy. Ragau.

HA, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Nowe who ſawe ere ſuche an other as Eſau? Mido cometh
By my truthe I will not lie to thée Ragau, in clapping
Since I was borne, I neuer ſée any man his hands, and
So grædily eate rice out of a potte or pan. laughing.
He woulde not haue a diſhe, but take the pot and ſup.

Ye neuer ſawe hungry dogge ſo ſlabbe potage vp.

Ragau. Why howe did he ſuppe it? I pray thée tel me how?

Mido. Mary euen thus, as thou ſhalte ſée me do now.

Here he counterfaiteth ſupping out of the potte. Oh I thanke you Jacob: with all my hart Jacob.
Gently done Jacob: A frendely parte Jacob.
I can ſuppe ſo Jacob.
Yea than wyll I ſuppe to Jacob.
Here is good meate Jacob.

Ragau. As ere was eate Jacob.

Mido. As ere I ſawe Jacob.

Ragau. Eſau a dawe Jacob.

Mido. Swete rice pottage Jacob.

Ragau. By Eſaus dotage Jacob.

Mido. Joily good chére Jacob.

Ragau. But bought full déere Jacob.

Mido. I was hungry Jacob.

Ragau. I was an vnthrift Jacob.

Mido. Ye will none nowe Jacob.

Ragau. I can not for you Jacob.

Mido. I will eate all Jacob.

Ragau. The deuyll go withall Jacob.

Mido. Thou art a good ſonne Jacob.

Ragau. And would he neuer haue done Jacob?

Mido. No, but ſtyll cogle in like Jacke daw that cries ka kob.
That to be kylde I coulde not laughyng forbeare:
And therfore I came out, I durſt not abide there.

Ragau. Is there any pottage lefte for me that thou wotte?

Mido. No. I left Eſau about to licke the potte.

Ragau. Lick quod thou: now a ſhame take him that can all lick.

Mido. The potte ſhall nede no waſhing, he will it ſo licke.
And by this hé is ſitting downe to bread and drinke.

Ragau. And ſhal I haue no part with him, doſte thou thinke?

Mido. No, for he praide Jacob ere he did begin,
To ſhutte the tent fall that no mo geſtes come in.

Ragau. And made he no mention of me his ſeruante

Ye ſayd thou were a knaue, and bad thée hence, auant. Mido.
Go ſhift where thou couldeſt, thou gotteſt nothing there.
God yelde you Eſau, with all my ſtomachere. Ragau.
I muſt in againe, leſt perhaps I be ſhent, Mido.
For I aſked no body licence when I went. Exeat.
Nay it is his nature, do what ye can for him, Ragau.
No thanke at his hand but chooſe you ſinke or ſwim
Then reaſon it with him in a mete time and place,
And he ſhall be ready to flée ſtraight in your face.
This prouerbe in Eſau may be vnderſtande:
Clawe a churle by the taple, and he will file your hand.
Well ywiſſe Eſau, ye did knowe well ynouw
That I had as muche nede to be meated as you.
Haue I trotted and trudged all night and all day,
And now leaue me without doore, and ſo go your way?
Haue I ſpent ſo muche labour for you to prouide,
And you nothing regarde what of me may betide?
Haue I runne with you while I was able to go,
And now you purchaſe fode for your ſelfe and no mo?
Haue I taken ſo long paine you truly to ſerue,
And can ye be content that I famiſhe and ſterue?
I muſt lackey and come lugging greyhound and hound
And carry the weight I dare ſay of twentie pound,
And to helpe his hunger purchaſſe grace and fauour,
And now to be ſhutte out faſting for my labour.
By my faith I may ſay, I ſerue a god maiſter,
Nay nay, I ſerue an ill huſband and a waſter,
That neither profite regardeth nor honeſtie,
What meruaile I then if he paſſe ſo light on me?
But Eſau nowe that ye haue ſolde your birthright,
I commende me to you, and god geue you god night.
And let a friend tell him his faute at any time,
Ye ſhall heare him chafe beyonde all reaſon or rime.
Except it were a fiende or a berie helhounde,
Ye neuer ſawe the matche of him in any grounde.

When

When I ſhewe him of good will what others do ſay,
He will fall out with me, and offer me a fray.
And what can there be a worſer condition,
Than to doe yll, and refuſe admonition?
Can ſuche a one proſper, or come to a good ende?
Then I care not howe many children God me ſende.
Once Eſau ſhall not beguile me, I can tell:
Except he ſhall fortune to amende, or doe well.
Therfore why doe I about hym walk thus much talke,
Whome no man can induce ordinately to walke?
But ſome man perchaunce doth not a little wonder,
Howe I who but right nowe did rore out for hunger,
Haue nowe ſo muche vacant and voyde time of leaſure,
To walke and to talke, and diſcourſe all of pleaſure.
I tolde you at the fyrſt, I would prouide for one:
My mother taught me that leſſon a good whyle agone.
When I came to Jacob his friendſhyp to require,
I drewe nere and nere tyl I came to the fyre.
There harde beſyde me ſtode the potage pot,
Euen as God would haue it, neither colde nor hot,
God ſimple Jacob coulde not tourne his backe ſo thicke,
But I at the ladell got a goulpe or a licke.
So that ere I went I made a very good meale.
And dynde better cheape than Eſau a good deale.
But here commeth nowe maiſter Eſau forth.

Actus ſecundi, Scæna quarta.

Eſau, and Ragau.

Eſau. He commeth forth wiping his mouth.

AY ſir, when one is hungry, good meat is much worth.
And well fare a good brother yet in time of nede,
The worlde is nowe metely well amended in dede.
By my truth if I had bidden from meate any longer,
I thinke my very mawe would haue frette aſonder.

Then

Then had I bene dead and gone I make God a bolwe.
Surely then the world had had a great loſſe of you. Ragau.
For where ſhould we haue had your fellow in your place?
What ſhold I haue done with my birthright in this caſe. Eſau.
Kept it ſtill, and ye had not bene a very aſſe. Ragau.
But the beſt pottage it was yet that euer was. Eſau.
It were ſinne not to ſell ones ſoule for ſuch geare.
Ye haue done no leſſe in my conſcience I feare. Ragau.
Who is this that ſtandeth clattering at my backe? Eſau.
A poore man of yours ſir, that doth his dinner lacke. Ragau.
Dinner whoreſon knaue? dinner at this time a day? Eſau.
Nothing with thée, but dinner and mounching alway.
Why thou whoreſon villain ſlaue, who is hungry now?
In dede ſyr (as ſéemeth by your wordes) not you. Ragau.
A man were better fyll the bellies of ſome twelfe, Eſau.
Than to fill the gutte of one ſuch whoreſon elfe,
That doth none other good but eate and drink and ſlepe.
He ſhall do ſome thing els whom ye ſhall haue to kepe. Ragau.
And that maketh thée ſo ſlouthfull and ſo lyther, Eſau.
I dare ſaie he was fire houres comming hither,
When I ſent him to make prouiſion afore,
Not paſſing a myle hence or very litle more.
And yet being ſo farre paſt the houre of dining,
See and the knaue be not for his dinner whining.
Faſt a while, faſt with a miſchiefe grédy ſlaue,
Muſt I prouide meate for euery glutton knaue?
I may faſt for any meate that of you I haue. Ragau.
Or deſerue thy dinner before thou do it craue. Eſau.
If I haue not deſerued it at this ſeaſon, Ragau.
I ſhall neuer deſerue it in mine owne reaſon.
Ye promiſed I ſhould eate tyll I cried hoe.
Yea that was if we toke either hare, tegge, or Doe. Eſau.
But when your ſelfe were hungry, ye ſaid I wot what. Ragau.
What thou villaine ſlaue, telleſt thou me now of that? Eſau.
Then, helpe, runne apace, Ragau my good ſeruant. Ragau.

Eſau. Yea then was then, now is it otherwiſe: anaunt.
Haue I nothing to do but prouide meate for you?

Ragau. Ye might haue geuē me ſom part when ye had ynough.

Eſau. What, of the red rice pottage with Jacob I had?
Why, the crow would not geue it hir bird, thou art mad
Is that meate for you? nay it would make you to ranke.
Nay ſoft brother mine, I muſt kepe you more lanke.
It hath made me euen ſince ſo luſty and freſhe,
As though I had eaten all delicates of fleſhe.
I fele no maner faintneſſe wherof to complaine.

Ragau. Yet to morow ye muſt be as hungry againe,
Then muſt ye and will ye wilbe againe for good chere:
And repent you that currye bought this ſo dere.

Eſau. Repent me? wherefore, then the Lorde geue me ſorow,
If it were to do, I would do it to morow.
For thou foliſh knaue, what hath Jacob of me bought?

Ragau. But a matter of a ſtrawe, and a thing of nought.

Eſau. My birthright and whole title of mine elderſhip.
Mary ſir I pray God much good do it his maiſhip,
If I die to morow, what good would it do me?
If he die to morow, what benefite hath he?
And for a thing hanging on ſuche caſualtie:
Better a meaſe of pottage than nothing pardy.
If my father liue long, when ſhould I it enioye?
If my father die ſone, then is it but a toye.
For if the time were come, thinkeſt thou that Jacob,
Should finde Eſau ſuch a loute or ſuch a lob,
To ſuffer him to enioy my birthright in reſt?
Nay, I wil fyrſt tolle him and trounce him of the beſte,
I thinke to finde it a matter of conſcience,
And Jacob firſt to haue a fart for reuerence.
When my father Iſaac ſhall the matter know:
He will not let Jacob haue my birthright I trow.
Or if he ſhould kepe it as his owne, I pray you,
Might not I liue without it and do wel ynow?

Do none but mennes eldeſt ſonnes proſper well?
How line ponger brethren then, I beſeche you tell?
Once, if any thing be by the ſword to be got:
This falchion and I will haue part to our lot.
But now come on, go we abroade a while and walke,
Let my birthright go, and of other matters talke.
Who? I walke? nay I trow not, til I haue better dinde. Ragau.
It is more time to ſéeke where I may ſome meate finde.
What ſaiſt thou drawlatch? come forth with a miſchéef. Eſau.
Wilt thou not go with me? on forward whoreſon théef.
Shall it be as pleaſeth you, or as pleaſeth me?
Nay as pleaſeth you ſyr, me thinke it muſt be. Ragau.
And where be my dogs? and my hound? be they all wel? Eſau.
Better than your man, for they be in their kenell. Ragau.
Then go ſée all be well in my parte of the tent. Eſau.
With a right good will ſyr, I go incontinent. Ragau.
And I will to my fielde the which I clenſed laſt, Eſau.
To ſée what hope there is, that it will yelde fruite taſte.

Actus ſecundi, ſcæna quarta

Iacob. Mido. Rebecca. Abra, the handmayde.

THou knoweſt litle Mido where my mother is. Iacob.
I can go to hir as ſtreight as a threde, and not miſſe. Mido.
Go cal hir, and come againe with her thine owne ſelfe. Iacob.
Yes, ye ſhall ſée me ſcudde like a litle elfe. Mido.
Where I haue by the enticement of my mother, Iacob.
Bargained and boughte the birthrighte of my brother:
Tourne it allto good O Lorde, if it be thy wyll:
Thou knoweſt my heart Lord, I did it for no ill.
And what euer ſhall pleaſe thée to worke or to do,
Thou ſhalt finde me preſt and obedient therto.
But here is my mother Rebecca now in place.
How ſay you maiſter Iacob, raune not I apace? Mido.
Yes, and a good ſonne to go quicke on your errand. Iacob.

Rebecca. Sonne how goeth the matter? let me vnderſtand.
Iacob. Forſooth mother, I did ſo as ye me bade,
Eſau to ſell me all his birthright perſuade.
Rebecca. Haſt thou bought it in dede, and he therwith content?
Iacob. Yea, and haue his promiſe, that he will neuer repent.
Rebecca. Is the bargaine throughout? haſt thou paid him his price?
Iacob. Yea that I haue, a meaſe of red pottage of rice,
And he eate it vp euery whit well I wotte.
Mido. When he had supte vp all, I ſawe him licke the potte.
Thus he licked, and thus he licked, and this way.
I thought to haue lickt the potte my ſelfe once to day.
But Eſau beguilde me, I threwe him for that,
And left not ſo muche as a licke for puſſe our catte.
Rebecca. Sonne Iacob, forasmuche as thou haſt ſo well ſped,
With an himne or pſalme let the Lord be praiſed.
Sing we all together, and geue thankes to the Lord,
Whoſe promiſe and performance do ſo wel accord.
Mido. Shal we ſing theſame himne that al our houſe doth ſing?
For Abraham and his ſeede to geue God praiſing.
Rebecca. Yea the very ſame.
Mido. Then muſt we all knele downe thus,
And Abra our maide here muſte alſo ſing with vs,
Knele downe Abra, what I ſay, will ye not knele downe?
Knele when I bid you, the ſlackeſt wench in this towne.

Here they knele doune to ſing all foure, ſauing that Abra is ſlackeſt, and Mido is quickeſt.

The firſte ſong.

BLeſſed be thou, O the God of Abraham,
For thou art the Lord our God, and none but thou:
What thou worke ſt to the glory of thy name,
Paſſeth mannes reaſon to ſearche what way or how.
Thy promiſe it was Abraham ſhould haue ſeede,
More than the ſtarres of the ſkie to be tolde,
He beleeued and had Iſaac in deede,

When

When both he and Sara ſeemed very olde.
Iſaac many yeres longed for a ſonne,
Rebecca thy handmaid long time was barraine,
By prayer in thy ſight ſuch fauour he wonne,
That at one birth ſhe brought him forth ſons twaine,
Wherfore O Lorde, we do confeſſe and beleue,
That both thou canſt and wilt thy promiſe fulfill:
But how it ſhall come we can no reaſon geue,
Saue all to be wrought according to thy will.
Bleſſed be thou O God of Abraham. &c.

Now dout not Iacob, but God hath appointed thée — Rebecca.
As the eldeſt ſonne vnto Iſaac to bée:
And now haue no dout, but thou art ſure elected,
And that vnthrift Eſau of God reiected.
And to ſell thée his birthright ſince he was ſo madde,
I warrant thée the bleſſing that he ſhould haue had.
Yea? how may that be wrought? — Iacob.
Yes, yes, let me alone. — Rebecca.
Ones good olde Iſaac is blinde, and can not ſée,
So that by policie he may be beguiled bée.
I ſhall deuiſe howe, for no yll intent, ne thought,
But to bring to paſſe that I know god wil haue wrought
And I charge you twaine, Abra, and litle Ydo.
Nay ye ſhould haue ſet Ydo before Abra, trow. — Ydo.
For I am a man toward, and ſo is not ſhe.
No but yet I am more woman toward than ye. — Abra.
I charge you both that what euer hath bene ſpoken, — Rebecca.
Ye do not to any liuing body open.
For my parte it ſhall to no body vttered be. — Abra.
And ſlit my tongue, if euer it come out for me: — Ydo.
But if any tell, Abra here, will be prattling.
For they ſay, women will euer be clattering.
There is none here that prattleth ſo much as you. — Abra.
No mo words, but hence we altogether now, exeãt omnes. — Rebecca.

Actus tertij, ſcæna prima.

Eſau. Iſaac. Mido.

Eſau. NOw ſince I laſt ſaw mine olde father Iſaac,
Both I do thinke it long, and he will iudge me ſlack
But he commeth forth, I will here liſten and ſée,
Whether he ſhall chaunce to ſpeake any worde of me.

Iſaac. On leade me forth Mido, to the benche on this hand,
That I may ſitte me downe, for I can not long ſtand.

Mido. Here lyr this ſame way, and ye be at the benche now,
Where ye may ſit downe in gods name if pleaſe you.

Iſaac. I maruel where Eſau my ſonne doth become,
That he doth now of daies viſite me ſo ſeldome.
But it is oft ſene whome fathers do beſt fauour,
Of them they haue leſt loue againe for their labour.
I thinke ſince I ſaw him it is a whole weéke.
In faith litle Mido I would thou wouldeſt him ſéeke.

Mido. Forſoth maiſter Iſaac, and I knew it where,
It ſhould not be very long ere I would be there.
But ſhall I at aduenture go ſéeke where he is?

Eſau. Séeke no farther Mido, already here he is.

Iſaac. Me thinketh I haue Eſau his voice perceiued.

Eſau. Ye geſſe truly father, ye are not deceiued.

Mido. Here he is come now inuiſible by my ſoule:
For I ſaw him not till he ſpake harde at my poule,

Iſaac. Now go thou in Mido, let vs two here alone.

Mido. Sir if ye commaund me, full quickely I am gone.

Iſaac. Yet and if I call thée, ſée thou be not ſlacke.

Mido, I come at the firſt call, good maiſter Iſaac.

Iſaac. Sonne Eſau.

Eſau. Here father.

Iſaac. Is none here but we?

Eſau. None to herken our talke father, that I do ſée.

Iſaac, Sonne Eſau, why haſt thou bene from me ſo long?

Eſau, I cry you mercy father, if I haue done wrong.

But I am loth to trouble you hauing nothing
To present you withall, nor benison to bring.
Sonne Esau, thou knowest that I do thée loue. Isaac.
I thancke you for it father as doth me behoue. Esau.
And now thou seest my dayes draw towardes an ende. Isaac.
That is to me great ruth if I coulde it amende. Esau.
I must go the way of all mortall flesshe. Isaac.
Therfore while my memory and witte is yet freshe,
I woulde thée endow mine heritage to succéde:
And blisse thée, (as I ought) to multiply my séede.
The God of my father Abraham, and of me,
Hath promised, that our séede as the sande shal be.
He is a God of truth, and in his wordes iust.
Therfore in my worckyng shall be no faute I trust.
Now therfore sonne Esau, get thée forth to hunte,
With thy bowe and quiuer, as erst thou hast bene wont,
Bring me of thy venison that is good.
Ye shall haue of the best that runneth in the wood. Esau.
When thou commest home, to dresse it, it shall behoue: Isaac.
And to make for mine owne toth such meate as I loue.
Thus do mine owne dere sonne, and then I shal thée kisse
With the kosse of peace, and thée for euer blisse.
Your will t'accomplishe moste dere father Isaac, Esau.
Wits all good hast and spede, I shall not be found slack.
Then helpe lead me home, in my tente that I were set. Isaac.
And then go when thou wilt.
I shall without en lette. Esau.

Actus tertij, scæna secunda.

Rebecca.

THis talke of Isaac in secrete haue I heard. Rebecca.
And what end it should come to my hert is afeard.
Nere had I so moche ado to forbeare to speake.
But the Lorde (I trust) will Isaacs purpose breake.

Here ſhe kneleth doune and prayeth.

O God of Abraham, make it of none effecte :
Let Jacob haue the bleſſing whom thou haſt elect.
For my parte ſhall worke what may be wrought,
That it may to Jacob from Eſau be brought,
And in will I go to ſée what I can deuiſe,
That Iſaacs intent may fayle in any wiſe.

Actus tertij, Scæna tertia.

Ragau. Eſau.

Ragau. Here he commeth forth with his hunting ſtaffe and other things and a bag of vitailes.

NAy, we muſt on hunting go, yet once more again
And neuer com home now except we ſpede certain
But I trowe for hunger I haue prouided here :
That what euer befall, I Ragau ſhall haue chere.
I haue no time to tell what delicates here be,
But thinke this to be true) for better men than me.
And what ? ſhall Eſau hereof haue any parte ?
Nay I truſt to conueigh it by ſuch prety arte,
That till the bag be clere, he ſhal it neuer ſée.
I ſhall, and if he faint, feede him as he fedde me.
I ſhall requite his ſhutting me out of the doore.
That if he bidde me runne to get him meat afore,
I ſhall runne as faſt as my feet were made of leade,
And tell him, there is none, though I may wel be ſpead.
I will be euen with him for my fare laſt day
When he was with Jacob.

Eſau. What is it that thou doeſt ſay ?

Ragau. Sir on your behalfe I earneſtly wiſhe and pray,
That if like nede chaunce, ye may fare as laſt day
When ye were with Jacob.

Eſau. Well, come on, let vs go.

Ragau. Euen when ye will, is there let in me or no? Exeãt ambo.

Actus

Actus quarti, ſcæna prima.

Rebecca. Iacob.

SOnne Iacob euen now is come the very houre, Rebecca.
That if thou haue any grace or hearte or power,
To play thy parte well, and ſticke vnto it throughout,
Eſau his bleſſing will be thine without dout.
Mother I know your good will to be vnfained: Iacob.
But I ſée not which waye the thing may be attained.
I haue it contriued how all thing ſhall be done, Rebecca.
Do thou as I ſhall bid thée, and it will be wonne.
Mother in me ſhall be no faulte or negligence. Iacob.
Then herken very well vnto this my ſentence. Rebecca.
I hearde olde Iſaac in a long ſolempne talke,
Bid thy brother Eſau to the fielde to walke,
And there with his bowe to kill him ſome veniſon,
Which brought and dreſſed, he to haue his veniſon.
For I am aged (ſayd Iſaac) truly:
And would bleſſe thée dere ſonne before that I dye.
Now is Eſau gone to do it euen ſo.
But while he his away, I would haue thée to go,
Abroade vnto the flocke, and fet me kiddes twain.
Of which I ſhall with a trice make ſuch meate certain,
As ſhall ſay come eate me, and make olde Iſaac
Licke his lippes therat, ſo toothſom ſhall it ſmacke.
I ſhall make him therof ſuch as he doth loue,
Which in thy brothers ſtéde to bleſſe thee ſhall him moue. Iacob.
O ſwete and dere mother, this deuiſe is but vaine,
For Eſau is rough, and I am ſmothe certaine.
And ſo when I ſhal to my father bring this meate,
Perchaunce he will fée le me, before that he will eate.
Old men be miſtruſtfull: he ſhall the matter take,
That I went about my father a ſole to make.
Mother by ſuch a pranck the matter will be wurſe:
And I in ſtede of bleſſing ſhal purchaſe me his curſe.
On me be thy curſe my ſonne, let it light on me. Rebecca.

Only ſet thou the kiddes hither, as I bid thée.
Do thou thy true deuoire, and let God worke therein.

Iacob. Vpon your worde mother, I will the thing begin,
Send me litle Pido to helpe me beare a kidde.

Rebecca. Ye ſhall come by and by, for ſo I ſhall him bidde.
Now lord, & if thou pleaſe, that this thing ſhall take place,
Further this our enterpriſe, helping with thy grace.

Actus quarti, ſcæna ſecunda.

Pido. Are ye here maiſter Iacob? I came you to loke:
And here dame Rebecca hath ſent you your ſhepecroke
And hath commaunded me to wayte on you this day,
But wherfore or why, ſhe woulde nothing to me ſay.

Iacob. Come on then, folow me Pido a litle wayes.

Pido. Whether ye ſhall leade me, I am at all aſſayes.

Iacob. And art thou able to beare a kidde on thy backe?

Pido, I am able (I trowe) to beare a quarter ſacke.
How ſay you to this corps? is it not fat and round?
How ſay ye to theſe legges? come they not to the ground?
And be not here armes able your matter to ſpede?
Be not here likely ſhoulders to do ſuch a déede?
Therfore come maiſter Iacob, if this your dout be,
For bringing home of kiddes, lay the biggeſt on me,
So that if we make a feaſt, I may haue ſome parte.

Iacob. Yes that ſhalt thou Pido, right worthy thou art.

Actus quarti, ſcæna tertia.

Rebecca. Abra.

Rebecca. I Come to ſée if Iacob be gone a fielde yet,
A litle lacking may all our purpoſe let.
But now that he is gone, he will be here at once.
Therfore I will call my maide Abra for the nonce,
That all thing within may be in a redineſſe.
Abra, where be ye Abra?

Abra. Here within maiſtreſſe.

Rebecca. Come forth: when? Abra, what Abra I ſay.

Anone

Anone. Abra.
Muſt I call ſo oft? why come ye not by and by? Rebecca.
I was waſhing my veſſell forſoth maiſtreſſe I. Abra.
And in very dæde, loke that all your veſſell be clene. Rebecca.
There is not one foule pēce in all our tent I wene, Abra.
Then make a great fyre, and make redy your pot Rebecca.
And ſē there be plenty of water colde and hotte.
And ſē the ſpitte be ſcoured as cleane as any pearle.
If this be not quickly done cal me noughtie gyrle. Abra.
Nay, ſoft, whither away? I haue not yet all done. Rebecca.
I thought ye would haue had me as quicke to be gone, Abra.
As when ye call Abra, ye would haue me to come.
Than ſē ye haue made redy cloanes, mace, and ſinamom Rebecca.
Peper and ſaffron, then ſet hearbes for the potte,
We will haue the beſt that by me can be got. Abra.
And let no foule corner be about all the tent. Rebecca.
If ye find any fault, hardly let me be ſhent. Abra.
Is there any thing elſe but that I may go now?
Nought, but that when I come I finde no faut in you. Rebecca.
No I warrant you, I will not let my matters ſlepe. Abra.
Any good wenche will at hir dames bidding take kepe. Rebecca.
Now God of Abraham, as I truſt in thy grace,
Sende Iacob the bliſſing in Eſau his place.
As thou haſt ordeyned right ſo muſt all thing be.
Performe thine owne wordes lord which thou ſpakeſt to me.
Now will I go in to ſē that mine olde huſband,
May of my ſecrete working nothing underſtand.
Or in caſe he ſmell what we haue thus farre begonne,
He may thinke it all for Eſau to be done.

Actus quarti, ſcæna quarta.

Abra the mayde, Deborra, the nourſe,

HE that were now within, ſhould find all thing I wene. Abra.
As trimme as a trēcher, as tricke, as ſwete, as cleane.
And ſeing that my dame prepareth ſuche a feaſt,
I will not I trow be found ſuch a ſluttiſhe beaſt,

That there ſhall any filthe about our tent be kepte,
But that both within and without it ſhall bée ſwepte.

The ſecond ſong.

It hath bene a prouerbe before I was borne,
Yong doth it pricke that wyll be a thorne.

WHo will be euill, or who will be good,
Who geuen to truth or who to falſhood,
Eche bodies youth ſheweth a great likelihood.
For yong doth it pricke that will be a thorne.
Who ſo in youth will no goodneſſe embrace.
But folow pleaſure, and not vertues trace,
Great mernaile it is if ſuch come to grace.
For yong doth it pricke that will be a thorne.
Suche as in youth will refuſe to be tought,
Or will be ſlacke to worke as he ought,
When they come to age, their proofe will be nought.
For yong doth it pricke that will be a thorne.
If a childe haue bene giuen to any vice,
Except he be guided by ſuch as be wyſe,
He will therof all his lyfe haue a ſpice.
For yong doth it pricke that will be thorne.
It hath bene a prouerbe. &c.

Then let her ſweepe with a brome, and while ſhe doth it, ſing this ſong, and when ſhe hath ſong, let her ſay thus

Abra. Now haue I done, and as it ſhould be for the nonce,
My ſwéeping and my ſong are ended both at once.
Now but for fetting mine herbes I might go play.
Deborra nurſe Deborra, a worde I you pray.

Deborra. What is the matter? who calleth me Deborra?

Abra. Forſoth gentle nourſe euen I litle Abra,
I pray you ſweéte Deborra take in this ſame brome,
And loke well to all thing till I returne home:
I muſt to the gardine as faſt as I can trotte,
As I was commaunded to fet hearbes for the potte.
But in the meane time, I pray you nourſe loke about
And ſée well to the fyre that it go not out,
I will aumble ſo faſt, that I will ſone be there,
And here again I trow, ere an horſe licke his eare.

There

There is not a prettier gyrle within this mile, Deborra.
Than this Abra will be within this litle while.
As true as any ſteele: ye may truſt her with gold.
Though it were a buſhell, and not a peny tolde.
As quicke about her worke that muſt be quickly ſpead
As any wenche in twenty mile about her head.
As fine a pace it is as I knowe but a few,
Yet perchaunce her huſbande of her maye haue a ſhrewe.
Cat after kinde (ſaith the prouerbe) ſwete milke wil lap,
If the mother be a ſhrew, the daughter can not ſcape.
Once our marke ſhe hath, I marueil if ſhe ſlippe:
For hir noſe is growing aboue hir ouer lippe.
But it is time that I into the tent be gone.
Leſt ſhe come and chide me, ſhe will come now anone.

Actus quarti, ſcæna quinta.

Abra.

HOw ſay ye: haue not I diſpatched me quickely: Abra.
A ſtraw for that wenche that doth not ſomwhat likely,
I haue brought here good herbes, & of them plenty
To make both broth and farcing, and that full deinty,
I truſt to make ſuch broth, that when all things are in,
God almighty ſelfe may wet his finger therein.
Here is time and percelie, ſpinache, and roſemary.
Endiue, ſuckorie, lacteur, violette, clary,
Liuerwort, marigolde, ſorell, hartes tong, and ſage:
Penityal, purſelane, bugloſſe and borage,
With many very good herbes mo than I do name.
But to tary here thus long, I am muche to blame.
For if Iacob ſhould come, I not in readineſſe:
I muſt of couenaunt be ſhent of our maiſtreſſe.
And I would not for twenty pounde I tell ye,
That any pointe of default ſhould be found in me.

Actus quarti, ſcæna ſexta.

Rebecca. Mido. Iacob.

Rebecca. I Come to ſée if Jacob do not returne yet,
I can not maruell enough what ſhould be his let,
And greatly wonder he is away thus long.
I feare much of his abſence, leſt ſom thing be wrong.
As well as hearte can wiſhe all thing is ready here.
And now to me eche moment ſemeth a whole yere.
But hearke, me thinketh I here a yong kidde blée
It is ſo in déede, I ſée Jacob, well is mée.

Mido. Hearke maiſter Jacob, hearde ye euer kidde blea ſo?
I wene ſhe knoweth afore hande wherto ſhe ſhall go.

Jacob. I would not my father Iſaac ſhould heare:

Mido. Nay, ſhe will ſcarſly be ſtil, when ſhe is dead, I do feare.

Jacob. But loe I ſée my mother ſtande before the tent.

Rebecca. O Lord, me thinketh long ſonne Jacob ſince thou went

Jacob. And me thinketh mother, we haue hyed vs well:

Mido. I haue made many féete to folowe, I can tell.

Rebecca. Geue me thy kidde my ſonne, and nowe leat me alone,
Bring thou in thine Mido, and ſée thou bée a ſtone.

Mido. A ſtone? howe ſhoulde that be maiſtreſſe? I am a lad:
And a boy aliue, as good as ere ye had:
And nowe in bringyng home this kyd I haue I trow,
Tried my ſelfe a man, and a preatie fellow,

Rebecca. I ment thou ſhouldeſt nothing ſaye.

Mido. One warning is enough, ye bad vs ſo laſt day.

Rebecca. Well let me go in, and veniſon hereof make:

Jacob. And heareſt thou Mido? ſée that good hede thou take,
In any wiſe to come in my fathers ſight.

Mido. Why he ſeeth no better at nowne than at midnight.
Is he not blinde long ſince, and doth his eyes lacke?
Therfore go in dame, I beare an heauy packe.

Rebecca. I leaue you here Jacob, and hartely you pray,
That when néede ſhall require, you be not farre away.

Jacob. I ſhall be ready mother, when ſo ere you call.

Actus quarti, ſcæna ſeptima.

Iacob. Mido.

O How happy is that ſame daughter or that ſonne, Iacob.
Whome the parentes loue with harty affection.
And among all others howe fortunate am I,
Whome my mother Rebecca tendereth ſo greatly?
If it lay in her to do any good ye ſée,
She would do her earneſt deuoire to preferre me.
But as for this matter which ſhe doth now intende,
Without thy aide O Lorde, howe ſhould it come to ende.
Neuertheleſſe foraſmuche as my ſaid mother,
Worketh vpon thy worde O Lorde, and none other,
It ſhall become me to ſhewe mine obedience,
And to thy promiſe O Lorde, to giue due credence.
For what is ſo poſſible to mans iudgement,
Which thou canſt not with a beck performe incontinent?
Therfore thy will O Lord, be done for euermore.
Oh Iacob, I was neuer ſo afearde afore. Vido.
Why what newe thing is chaunced Vido, I pray thée? Iacob.
Old Iſaac your father, hearde your yong kidde blea. Vido.
He aſked what it was, and I ſaid, a kidde.
Who brought it from the folde, I ſaid you did.
For what purpoſe? forſoth ſyr ſaide I,
There is ſome matter that Iacob would remedy:
And where haſt thou ben ſo long litle Vido, quod he,
That all this whole houre thou wert not once with me?
Forſoth (quod I) when I went from you laſt of all,
You bade me be no more but be ready at your call.
But of the kiddes bleaping he did ſpeake no more. Iacob.
No, but and if he had called me afore, Vido.
I muſt haue told him al, or els I muſt haue made a lye,
Which woulde not haue bene a good boyes part truely.
But I will to him, and no longer here remaine,
Leſt he ſhould happen to call for Vido againe.

Actus quarti, ſcæna octaua.

Iacob. Rebecca. Deborra.

I Were beſt alſo to get me into the tent, Iacob.

That

That if my mother néede me, I may be preſent.
But I ſée hir come forth, and nourſe Debora alſo,
And bring geare with them what ſo ere it ſhall do.

Rebecca. Where is my ſonne Iacob? I do him now eſpie.
Come apace Debora, I pray thée let vs hye,
That all thing were diſpatched ſomwhat to mynde.

Debora. It is happy that Iacob ready here ye finde.

Iacob. Mother, what haue ye brought? & what things are thoſe?

Rebecca. Geare that I haue prepared to ſerue our purpoſe.
And bicauſe that Eſau is ſo rough with heare:
I haue brought ſleues of kid next to thy ſkin to weare.
They be made glouelike, and for eche finger a ſtall:
So that thy fathers féeling ſome beguile they ſhall.
Then haue I brought a coller of roughe kiddes heare,
Here ſhe doth Faſt vnto the ſkinne round about thy necke to weare.
the ſleues vpon Come, let me do it on, and if Iſaac féele,
Iacobs armes. Ye ſhall therwyth be beguiled wondrous wele.

Iacob. And what ſhall this geare do, that ye haue brought?

Rebecca. It ſhall ſerue anon I warraunt you, take no thought.
Now, throughly to raviſhe thy father Iſaac,
Thou ſhalt here incontinent put vpon thy backe,
Eſau his beſt apparell, whoſe fragraunt ſauour,
Shall coniure Iſaac to beare thée his fauour.

Debora. Mary ſir now is maiſter Iacob trimme in déede,
That is all trikſie and gallaunt ſo God me ſpéede,
Now I ſée apparell ſetteth out a man.
Doth it become Eſau ſo? nay beſhrewe me then.

Rebecca. Ye may now go in nourſe, and leaue lokyng on him.

Debora. I go, mary ſir Iacob is now gay and trim.

Iacob. No forſoth mother, this raiment liketh not me.
Iacob ſtandeth I could with mine owne geare better contented be.
looking. And but for ſatiſfying of your minde and will,
on himſelfe. I would not weare it, to haue it for mine owne ſtill.
I loue not to weare an other birdes feathers.
Mine owne poore homely geare will ſerue for all wethers.

Rebecca. Well content thy ſelfe, and folow my minde this day.

Now

Now the meate by this time is ready I dare ſay.
Before that with to much enough it be all ſpilt,
Take thy time, and aſſaile thy father when thou wilt.
Yea, but haue ye prouided mother I you pray, Iacob.
That no body within may your counſaille bewray?
I warrant the matter all ſafe from vttering, Rebecca.
I haue ſtopped all mouthes for once muttering.
Therfore whyle the tyme ſerueth, I thée warne,
To ſlacke when all thinges are ready may do harme.
Goe before, & I folow: but my chekes will bluſhe red, Iacob.
To be ſene among our folke thus apparailed.

Actus quarti, ſcæna nona.

Iſaac. Mido. Iacob.

COme Mido, for without thée I can nothing do. Iſaac.
What is it ſyr, that ye would haue my helpe vnto? Mido.
Nothing but to ſitte abrode, and take th'open aire. Iſaac.
That ſhalbe well done, the weather is very faire, Mido.
Praiſed be the God of my father Abraham. Iſaac.
Who ſendeth all thing nedefull for the vſe of man,
And moſt tenderly prouideth be for me Iſaac,
Better than I can féele or perceiue what I lacke.
Where is my moſt dere father? as I would haue it, Iacob.
Taking the open ayre, here I ſée him ſitte.
O my moſt déere father Iſaac, well thou be.
Here I am my ſwéete ſonne, and who art thou tell me? Iſaac.
Dere father, I am Eſau thine eldeſt ſonne, Iacob.
According as thou baddeſt me, ſo haue I done.
Come in dere father, and eate of my veniſon,
That thy ſoule may geue vnto me thy beniſon.
But how haſt thou ſped ſo ſone? let me vnderſtande. Iſaac.
The Lorde thy God at the firſt brought it to my hande. Iacob.
And art thou Eſau mine elder ſonne in déede? Iſaac.
To aſke that queſtion father, what doth it néede? Iacob.
Come nere that I may féele whether thou be he or not, Iſaac.
For Eſau is rough of heare as any goate.

Let me fele thy hande, right Eſau by the heare,
And yet the voice of Jacob ſowneth in mine eare.
God bleſſe thée my ſonne, and ſo will I do anone,
As ſone as I haue taſted of thy veniſon.
Come on, leade me in, I will eate a pittance.
A litle thing God wotte to me is ſuffiſance,

Ydo. I may now go play, Jacob leadeth Iſaac.

But I neuer ſaw ſuch a preety knacke,
How Jacob beguiled his father, how ſlightly.
Now I ſée it true the blinde eate many a flye.
I quaked once for feare leſt Jacob would be caught,
But as happe was, he had his leſſon well taught.
But what will Eſau ſay, when he commeth home?
Chooſe him, but for me to go in it is wiſedome.

Actus quarti, ſcæna décima.

Rebecca. Abra.

Rebecca. NOw I beſeche the Lorde proſper Jacob my ſonne,
In our hardy enterpriſe which we haue begonne.
Iſaac is eating ſuch meate as he doth loue,
Which thing to bleſſe Jacob I dout not will him moue:
If he obteyne the bleſſing as I truſt he ſhall,
Then ſhall my ſoule gene to God laude perpetuall.
But I will in to harken how the thing doth frame.

Ydo. Come in dame Rebecca,

Rebecca. Who is it that doth me name?

Abra. My maiſter Iſaac is comming forth ſtreight way.

Rebecca. He ſhall not finde me here in no wiſe if I may.

Actus quarti, ſcæna vndecima.

Iſaac. Iacob.

Iſaac. SEt me down on the bench where thou didſt me firſt find:
Now forſoth I haue eate meate euen to my minde.
It hath refreſhed my ſoule wonderfully well.
Nor neuer dranke I better wine that I can tell.

Jacob. If it were to your liking I am very glad.

It was the beſt meat and wine that euer I had.
Come kyſſe me ſonne Eſau with the kyſſe of peace,
That my loue towardes thée may the more increace.
I bleſſe thée here for euer my ſonne in this place,
The Lorde my God of might endue thée with his grace.
What ſwete ſauour my ſonnes raiment doth yelde,
Euen the fragrant ſmell that commeth from a fielde.
Which the Lord hath bleſſed, and the ſame lord bleſſe thée:
With the dewe of heauen, the Lorde thy ground encreaſe
That the fatneſſe of the earth may neuer ceaſe.
The Lorde ſend thée abundaunce of corne and wine,
And proſper continually all thing that is thine.
The Lord make great people ſeruants vnto thée:
And nations to do homage and fealty.
And here to ſuccede my place, mine heyre I thée make,
Of all things that I haue, poſſeſſion to take.
Lord and ruler be thou ouer thy brethern all,
And bowe to thée as head, thy mothers children ſhall.
Curſed be that man that ſhall thée curſe or miſſay:
And who that bleſſeth thée, bleſſed be he for aye.
Thus here haue I made my laſt will and teſtament,
Which the Lord God ratifie neuer to repent.
Serue the Lord our God, and then wel ſhalt thou ſpéde,
And he ſhall kepe promiſe to multiply thy ſéde.
My day draweth on, for olde and féble I am.
When I dye, put me to my father Abraham.
Now kiſſe me once again my ſonne, and then depart,
And enter vpon all, wherof now Lorde thou art.

Iacob kiſſeth Iſaac: and thé kneleth downe to haue his bleſſing.

The Lord God reward your fatherly tenderneſſe. Iacob.
Which ye haue here ſhewed me of your mere gwdneſſe.
Go in peace my dere ſonne, leauing me here alone: Iſaac.
And ſend litle Pido to leade me in anone. Exeat Iacob.
Lord God when thou ſhalt ſée time as thou thinkeſt beſt,
Diſſolue this féble carkeſſe, and take me to thy reſte.
How do ye maiſter Iſaac? I am here now. Pido.
For my maiſter Iacob did bid me come to you.

Iſaac. Nay boye, it was not Jacob, I dare well ſay ſo.
Mido. Forſooth it was Jacob, if my name be Mido.
Iſaac. If that be a true tale, ſome body is come ſlacke,
But lord that I haue done, I will not now call backe.
But yet I will go ſée if I be deceiued:
For in déede me thought Jacobs voyce I perceiued.

Actus quarti, ſcæna duodecima.

Rebecca.

Rebecca. Then ſhe ſpeaketh kneeling, and holding vp her handes.

O Lorde, the God of Iſaac and Abraham,
I render thanks to thée though a ſinfull woman,
Bicauſe of thy worde and promiſe true arte thou,
In ſending Jacob the bleſſing of Eſau.
And for thus regarding a ſinner as I am,
I eftſones thanke thée O Lorde God of Abraham,
Thy mercy and wyſedome ſhall I ſing euermore:
And magnifie thy name, for Gods there is no more.
But I will to my huſbande Iſaac, and ſée,
That for this matter he take no gréefe at me.

Actus quinti, ſcæna prima.

Ragau.

Ragau bringeth veniſon at his backe.

NAy, now at laſt we haue well ſped I warrant you:
God lucke is not euermore againſt Eſau.
He courſed and courſed again with his dogges here:
But they could at no time take either hare or dere.
At laſt he killed this with his bowe as God wold.
And to ſay that it is fatte veniſon be bolde.
But dreſſed it muſt be at once in all the haſte,
That olde father Iſaac may haue his repaſt.
Then without delay Eſau ſhall bleſſed be,
Then ſaith cock on houpe, al is ours, then who but he:
But I muſt in that it may be dreſſe in time likely,
And I trowe ye ſhall ſée it made ready quickly.

Actus quinti, ſcæna ſecunda.

Mido.

Mido.

NAy now olde maiſter Iſaac (I warrant you) Mido.
Hath bleſſed Iacob in the place of Eſau.
At home here with vs it is iudged no ſmall change
But a raſe wonderfull, and alſo very ſtrange.
The yonger brother is made elder, and againe,
The elder muſt nowe ſerue the yonger as his ſwayne.
And from henſforth we muſt all make curteſſe and bow,
Vnto maiſter Iacob, and not to Eſau now:
And Eſau him ſelfe muſt vnder Iacob bée,
At his commaundement euen as well as we.
But I care not I warrant you: for our houſeholde
Loue Iacob better than Eſau twenty folde.
None loueth Eſau but for his fathers ſake:
But all good folkes are glad Iacobs parte to take.
And now by Eſau no man wyll ſette a pinne,
But yonder he commeth nowe, I will gette me in.

Actus quinti, ſcæna tertia.

Eſau.

ITrow I haue now wonne my ſpurres for euer, Eſau.
For one better veniſon killed I neuer.
And though it wer ſomwhat long er I coulde it take,
Yet the goodneſſe therof doth ſome recompence make.
My father Iſaac ſhall therof haue ſuche meate,
As in all his life he hath not the better eate.
Wherupon I doubt not, after tender kylling,
To be ſtreight endowed with his godly blyſſing.
As his full and true heire in his place to ſuccéde,
And t'eniope the promiſe that God made to his ſéde,
And when I am once in my place of ſucceſſion,
And haue all maner thinges in full poſſeſſion:
I ſhall wring all loutes and make them ſtoupe (I trowe)
I ſhall make the ſlaues couche as lowe as dog to bow.
I ſhall ruffle among them of an other ſort,
Than Iſaac hath done, and with an other port.

But nowe will I go ſée what haſt within they make
That part of my hunting my olde father may take.

Actus quarti, ſcæna quarta.

Iſaac. Mido. Eſau.

Iſaac. MIdo, come Mido, where art thou litle Mido?
Mido. Here redy maiſter Iſaac, what ſhall I do?
Iſaac. Come leade me to mine old place, that I may ſit doune
Mido. That can I as well as any boy in this towne.
Iſaac. O Lorde my God, how déepe and vnſercheable
Are all thy iudgements, and how immutable?
Of thy iuſtice, whom it pleaſeth thée, thou doeſt reiect,
Of thy mercy, whome pleaſeth thée, thou doeſt electe.
In my two ſonnes O Lord, thou haſt wrought thy will,
And as thy pleaſure hath wrought, ſo ſhall it ſtand ſtill.
Hence thou haſt ſet Jacob in Eſau his place:
I committe him to the gouernaunce of thy grace.
Eſau. Now where is Iſaac that he may come and eate?
Lo where he is ſitting abroade vpon his ſeate.
Deare father Iſaac, the Lord thy God thée ſaue.
Iſaac. Who art thou my ſon? & what thing wouldeſt thou haue?
Eſau. I am your eldeſt ſonne Eſau by my name,
Newe come home from hunting, where I had ioyly game,
I haue made meate therof for your owne appetite,
Meate for your owne toth, wherin ye will much delite.
Come eate your part, dere father, that when ye haue don,
Your ſoule may bleſſe me as your heire and eldeſt ſon.
Iſaac. Ah Eſau, Eſau, thou commeſt to late,
An other to thy bleſſing was predeſtinate,
And cleane gone it is from thée Eſau.
Eſau. Alas,
Then am I the vnhappieſt that euer was,
I would the ſaluage beaſtes had my body torne.
Iſaac. The bleſſing that thou ſhouldeſt haue had, an other hath
Eſau. Alas, what wretched villaine hath done me ſuch ſcath?
Iſaac. Thy brother Jacob came to me by ſubtiltée,

And

And brought me veniſon, and ſo preuented thée.
I eate with him ere thou camſt, and with my good will,
Bleſſed him I haue, and bleſſed he ſhall be ſtill.
Ah Iacob, Iacob, well may he be called ſo: Eſau.
For he hath vndermined me times two.
For firſt mine heritage he tolde away me fro,
And ſée, now hath he awaye my bleſſing alſo.
Ah father, father, though Iacob hath done this thing:
Yet let me Eſau alſo haue thy bleſſing.
Shall all my good huntings for thée be in vaine?
That is done and paſt, can not be called againe. Iſaac.
Mine act muſt now ſtand in force of neceſſitie.
And haſt thou neuer a bleſſing then left for me? Eſau.
Behold, I haue made thy brother Iacob thy Lord. Iſaac.
A moſt poinant ſworde vnto my heart is that word. Eſau.
All his mothers children his ſeruantes haue I made. Iſaac.
That worde is to me ſharper than a raſers blade. Eſau.
I haue alſo ſtabliſhed him with wine and corne. Iſaac.
Wo be the day and houre that euer I was borne. Eſau.
What am I able to do for thée my ſonne? Iſaac.
Ah Iacob, Iacob, that thou haſt me thus vndone. Eſau.
Oh vnhappy happe: oh miſfortune, well away,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſée this wofull day.
But haſt thou one bleſſing and no mo my father?
Let me alſo haue ſome bleſſing good ſweéte father.
Well, nature pricketh me ſome remorſe on thée to haue. Iſaac.
Behold, thy dwelling place the earthes fatneſſe ſhal haue,
And the dew of heauen whiche doune from aboue ſhall fall:
And with dinte of ſworde thy liuing get thou ſhall.
And to thy brother Iacob thou ſhalt be ſeruant.
Oh, to my yonger brother muſt I be ſeruant? Eſau.
Oh, that euer a man ſhould be ſo oppreſſed.
Thine owne fault it is that thou art diſpoſſeſſed. Iſaac.
Father, chaunge that piece of thy ſentence & iudgement. Eſau.
Things done can not be vndone, therfore be content, Iſaac.
Let me be in quiet, and trouble me no more.

Come

Come Mido, in goddes name leade me in at the doꝛe.

Eſau. Oh woulde not this chafe a man, and fret his guts out?
To liue as an vnderling vnder ſuch a loute?
Ah hypocrite, ah hedgecrꝛeper, ah ſembling wꝛetche:
I will be euen with thée foꝛ this ſubtill fetche.
O God of Abꝛaham, what reaſon is herein,
That to ſlea ones enimy it ſhould be made ſinne?
Were not one as good his part of heauen foꝛgoe,
As not to be reuenged on his deadly foe?
God was angry with Caim foꝛ killing Abell:
Els might I kill Jacob meruellouſly well.
I may foꝛtune one day him to diſpatche and ride:
The Lord will not ſée all things, ſome thing may be hid.
But as foꝛ theſe miſers within my fathers tent,
Which to the ſupplanting of me put their conſent,
Not one, but I ſhal coyle them till they ſtinke foꝛ pain,
And then foꝛ their ſtinking, coyle them of freſhe again.
I will take no daies, but while the matter is hotte,
Not one of them ſhall ſcape but they ſhall to the potte.

Actus quinti, ſcæna quinta.

Ragau.

WHere are we now becoume? marie ſyꝛ here is araye,
With Eſau my maiſter this is a blacke daye.
I told you, Eſau one day woulde ſhite a ragge,
Haue not we well hunted, of bleſſing to come lagge?
Nay I thought euer it would come to ſuche a paſſe,
Since he ſolde his heritage like a very aſſe.
But in faith ſome of them I dare iopard a grote,
If he may reache them, will haue on the petticote.

Actus quinti, ſcæna ſexta.

Eſau. Ragau. Abra. Mido.

Eſau. COme out whoꝛes & theues, come out, come out I ſay.
Ragau. I told you, did I not? that there would be a fray.
Eſau. Come out litle whoꝛeſon ape, come out of thy deme.

Take

Take my lyfe for a peny, whether ſhall I renne? Vido.
Come out thou litle fende, come out thou ſkittiſh Gill. Eſau.
Out alas, alas, Eſau will vs all kill. Abra.
And come out thou mother Mab, out olde rotten witche, Eſau.
As white as midnightes arſehole, or virgin pitche.
Where be ye? come together in a cluſter.
In faith and theſe thre will make a noble muſter. Ragau.
Ere ye eſcape my fingers, ye ſhall all be tought. Eſau.
For theſe be they which haue all this againſt me wrought.
I wrought not a ſtroke this day but led Iſaac. Vido.
If I wrought one ſtroke to day, lay me on the tacke.
Hence then, get thee in, and do againſt me no more. Eſau.
I care as muche for you now, as I did before. Vido.
What ſayeſt thou litle theefe? if I may thee catche, Eſau.
Ye ſhall runne apace then I wene, ſo God me ſnatche. Vido.
Now to go Vido, or thou art caught in a trippe, Ragau.
Nay for his ſake, Abra, ye ſhall drinke of the whippe. Eſau.
Nay for Gods loue good ſweete maiſter Eſau, Abra.
Hurt not me for Vido: ſpeake for me Ragau.
Sir ſpare litle Abra, ſhe hath done none euill. Ragau.
A litle fiende it is, and will be a right deuill, Eſau.
And ſhe is one of them that loue not me a deale.
If ye let me go, I will loue you very wele. Abra.
And neuer any more ado againſt me make? Eſau.
Ragau ſhalbe ſurety. Abra.
Sir I vndertake. Ragau.
Then hence out of my ſight at once, and get thee in. Eſau.
Adew, I ſet not a ſtrawe by you nor a pinne. Abra.
What ſaieſt thou thou Tib? once ye ſhal haue a rappe. Eſau.
The beſt ende of ſuretiſhip is to get a clappe, Ragau.
Now come on thou olde beg, what ſhal I ſay to thee? Eſau.
Say what ye luſt, ſo ye do not touche me. Debora.
Yes, and make powder of thee, for I dare ſay, thou, Eſau.
Haſt bene the cauſe of all this feaſt to Eſau.
No it was Iacobs feaſt that I did helpe to dreſſe. Debora.

Eſau. Nay I thought ſuch a witche would do ſuch buſineſſe.
Rebecca. But by my truth if I ſhould dye incontinent,
I knew not of the purpoſe wherfore it was ment.
Eſau. But wilt thou tell me truth if I do forgeue thée?
Debora. Yea if I can maiſter Eſau, beleue me.
Eſau. Is it true that when I and my brother were firſt borne,
And I by Gods ordinaunce came forth him before,
Jacob came forthwith, holding me faſt by the hele?
Debora. It is true, I was there, and ſaw it very wele.
Eſau. Is it true? well Jacob I pray God I be dead,
But for my heles ſake, I will haue thée by the head.
What diuel was in me, that I had not the grace
With kicking backe my hele to marre his mopiſhe face?
But my father Iſaac will not long liue nowe,
If he were gone, Jacob I would ſone méete with you.
For my ſoule hateth Jacob euen to the death,
And I will nere but hate him while I ſhall haue breath.
I may well diſſemble vntill I ſée a day:
But truſt me Jacob, I will pay thée when I may.
This he ſpeaketh to Deborra. But if euer I heare that thou ſpeake worde of this,
I ſhall cut out thy tongue, I will not myſſe.
But come on Ragau with me, ſo mote I thriue,
I will get a good ſworde, for therby muſt I liue.
Ragau. Liue quod you? we are like to liue God knoweth how.
Eſau. What ye ſaucie merchaunt, are ye a prater now?

Actus quinti, ſcæna ſeptima.

Deborra. Rebecca.

Deborra. I Am glad that Eſau is now gone certes.
For an euill diſpoſed man he is doutleſſe.
Yet am I no gladder of his departure hence,
Than I am that Rebecca is come in preſence.
Rebecca. Deborra, what doſt thou tarying here ſo long?
I came full ill afeard leaſt ſome thing had ben wrong
For Pido and Abra tolde me of Eſau.

In deed

In dede here he was, and departed hence but nowe: Debora.
And one thing I tell you dame, let Iacob beware,
For Eſau to miſchiefe Iacob dothe prepare,
Call Iacob hyther, that I may ſhew him my minde. Rebecca.
Sende him hyther quickly, and tary ye behinde.
That he geue place awhyle, it is expedient,
And howe he may be ſure, I wyll the way inuent.

Actus quinti, ſcæna octaua.

Iacob. Rebecca.

MOther Rebecca, did ye ſende for me hyther? Iacob.
Yea and the cauſe is this, thou muſt go ſomwhither, Rebecca.
To hyde thée from thy brother Eſau a ſpace.
In dede to mens malice we muſt ſomtime geue place. Iacob.
Ye lieth in awayte, to ſlea thée if he can. Rebecca.
Thou ſhalt therfore by my rede flée hence to Haran,
And lye with my brother Laban a man aged,
Tyll Eſaus wrath be ſomwhat aſſwaged.
When all thinges are forgotten, and his fury paſt,
I ſhall ſende for thée again in all goodly haſte.
Yea, but howe wyll my father herewith be content? Iacob.
Thou ſhalt ſée me wynne hym thereto incontinent. Rebecca.
And here he commeth happily, Iacob heare me,
Make a ſigne to Mido, that he do not name thée,
Then gette thée in priuely tyl I do thée call.
As ye commaunde me mother Rebecca, I ſhall. Iacob.

Actus quinti, ſcæna nona.

Iſaac. Mido. Rebecca. Iacob.

WHere be ye good wyfe? Iſaac.
My dame Rebecca is here. Mido.
I am glad ſweete huſband that I ſée you appere, Rebecca.
For I haue a worde or two vnto you to ſay. Iſaac.
Whatſoeuer it be, tell it me I you pray.
Sir ye know, that now our life daies are but ſhort Rebecca.

And we had neuer ſo great nede of comfort,
Now Eſau his wiues being Hethites both,
Ye know to pleaſe vs are much vnwilling and loth.
That if Jacob eke would take any Hethite to wife,
Small ioy ſhould we both haue or comforte of our life.

Iſaac. Wife ye ſpeake this well, and I will prouide therfore,
Call Jacob quickly, that he appeare me before.

Mido. I can runne apace for him if ye bidde me go.

Rebecca. Go hye thee at once then like a good ſonne Mido.

Iſaac. O Lorde ſaue thou my ſonne from miſcarying.

Mido. Come maiſter Jacob, ye muſt make no tarying,
For if it is that ſhall be ſhent if you be ſlacke,
Here is your ſonne Jacob now, maiſter Iſaac.

Iſaa Sonne Jacob, make thee ready as faſt thou can,
And in all haſt poſſible get thee vnto Laban.
He is thine owne vncle, and a right godly man,
Marry of his daughters, and not of Canan.
In Meſopotamia ſhalt thou leade thy life.
The lorde proſper thee there, without debate or ſtrife.
And the God of Abraham proſper thee in peace,
He multiply thy ſede, and make it to encreaſe,
Nowe kiſſe me deare ſonne Jacob, and ſo go thy way.

Rebecca. Kiſſe me alſo ſweete ſonne, and hence without delay.

Jacob. Now moſt tender parents, as wel with heart and word,
I bid you well to fare, and leaue you to the Lord.

Mido. Nay maiſter Jacob, let me haue an hande alſo.

Jacob. Euen with all my heart farewell litle Mido.

Iſaac. Now will I departe hence into the tent againe.

Rebecca. As pleaſeth God and you, but I will here remaine.

Actus quinti, ſcæna decima.

Eſau. Ragau. Rebecca. Iſaac. Mido.

AND is he gone in dede to mine vncle Laban,
In Meſopotamia at the toune of Haran?
And is Jacob gone to the houſe of Bethuel?

The

The whirlewynd with him, and ſyngyng fonde of hel.
But I ſhall mete with him yet one daye well enough.
And who is this? my mother, whom I ſée here now?
She ſtode here al this while ſir, did ye not her ſée? Ragau.
Didſt thou ſée her ſtand here, & wouldeſt not warne me? Eſau.
Sonne Eſau, afore God thou art much to blame, Rebecca.
And to do as I heare of thée, is a foule ſhame.
Mother what is it ye heard of me of late? Eſau.
That thou doeſt thy brother Iacob deadly hate. Rebecca.
Hate Iacob? I hate him and will do ſtill I dye. Eſau.
For he hath done me both great wrong and villanny.
And that ſhal he well know if the Lord geue me lyfe.
Fye vpon thée to ſpeake ſo like a lewde captife. Rebecca.
My maiſter Eſau is of nature much hote, Ragau.
But he will be better than he ſaith, feare not.
My birthright to ſell did he not make me conſent? Eſau.
But the ſame to do were not thy ſelfe content? Rebecca.
There is no man to blame for it but thine owne ſelfe.
Yea mother, ſée that ye holde with that mopiſhe elfe. Eſau.
It is your deinty dearlyng, your princkore, your golpoll,
Ye can neuer be praiſed enough of your ſoule,
Ye muſt euer be extolled aboue the Mone,
It is neuer amiſſe that he hath ſaid or done.
I would he were rocked or dandled in your lappe:
Or I would with this fauchon I might geue him pap.
I meruail why ye ſhould ſo loue him, and me not?
Ye groned as well for the one as thother I wotte.
But Iacob muſt be aduaunced in any wyſe:
But I ſhall one day handle him of the new guiſe.
Both on thy fathers bleſſyng and mine I charge thée, Rebecca.
That thy ſoule entend neuer ſuch iniquitie,
Beware by the example of Caym I thée rede,
That thou bring not the Lordes curſe vpon thy head.
And what ſhould I take all this wrong at Iacobs hande? Eſau.
Forgeue, and the Lorde ſhall proſper thée on the lande. Rebecca.

My ſonne Eſau heare me, I am thy mother:
For my ſake let paſſe this grudge againſt thy brother.
Ragau. Syr, your mothers requeſt is but reaſonable,
Which for you to graunt ſhal be muche commendable.
Eſau. Mother, though it be a great thing that ye require:
Yet muſt all malice paſſe at your deſire.
And for your cauſe mother, this mine angre ſhall ſlake.
Rebecca. I thanke thée my ſonne, that thou doſt it for my ſake
Eſau. For your ſake with Jacob I will be at accorde.
Rebecca. And ſhall I call thy father to be as recorde?
Eſau. As pleaſeth you mother, I can be well content.
Rebecca. Then wyll I go call hym hyther incontinent.
And where he doth already loue thée very well,
This wyll make hym to loue thée better a greate deale.
Ragau. Truely syr, this is of you a right gentill part:
At leaſt yf it come from the bottome of your harte.
Eſau. It muſt nowe be thus, but when I ſhall Jacob fynde,
I ſhall then do, as God ſhall put into my minde.
Rebecca. He hath at my worde remitted all his quarele.
Iſaac. Forſoth I loue him the better a great deale.
And if he be here, I woulde commende his doing.
All preſt here father to tary on your comming.
Iſaac. Sonne Eſau, thou haſte thy ſelfe well acquited.
Eſau. That all quarell to Jacob thou haſte remitted.
It was the Lordes pleaſure that it ſhould thus be,
Againſt whoſe ordinance to ſtande is not for thée:
But nowe to the entent it may pleaſe the Lorde,
To knitte your hartes one day in a perfect concorde,
We ſhall firſt in a ſong geue laude vnto his name,
And than with all gladneſſe, within confirme the ſame.
Rebecca. As ye thinke beſt dere huſbande I agrée therto.
Eſau. Wée ye may commaunde to what ye will haue me to do:
And ſo maye ye do alſo Ragau my man.
Iſaac. I ſée none, but praiſe we the Lorde the beſt we can.
Cal forth all our houſehold that with one accord,

We

We may all with one voyce ſyng vnto the Lorde. Ragau calleth al to ſyng.

This ſong muſt be ſong after the prayer.

O Lorde the God of our father Abraham,
Howe deepe and vnſearcheable are thy iudgementes?
Thy almightifull hande did create and frame,
Both heauen and earth and all the elementes.
Man of the earth thou haſte formed and create,
Some do thee worſhip, and ſome ſtray awrye,
Whome pleaſeth thee, thou doſte chooſe or repr obate,
And no fleſhe can aſke thee wherfore or why?
Of thine owne will thou didſt Abraham electe,
Promiſing him ſeede as ſterres of the skie,
And them as thy choſen people to protecte,
That they might thy mercies praiſe and magnifie.
Performe thou O Lorde, thine eternall decree,
To me and my ſeede the ſonnes of Abraham,
And whom thou haſte choſen thine owne people to bee,
Guide and defende to the glorie of thy name. *FINIS.*

Then entreth the Poete, and the reſt ſtand ſtill, til he haue done.

WHan Adam for breakyng Gods commaundement
Had ſentence of death, and all his poſteritie:
Yet the lorde our God who is omnipotent,
Had in his owne ſelfe by his eternall decrée,
Appointed to reſtore man, and to make him frée,
He purpoſed to ſaue mankynde by his mercie,
Whome he once had created vnto his glorie.
Yet not all fleſhe did he then predeſtinate,
But onely the adopted children of promiſe:
For he foreknewe that many would degenerate,
And wylfully giue cauſe to be put from that bliſſe:
So on Gods behalfe no maner default there is,

The Poet en-treth.

But

But where he chooſeth, he ſheweth his great mercy:
And where he refuſeth, he doth none iniury,
But thus farre ſurmounteth mans intellection,
To attaine or conceiue, and much more to diſcuſſe:
All muſt be referred to Gods election,
And to his ſecret iudgement, it is méete for vs,
With Paule the Apoſtle to confeſſe and ſay thus:
Oh the déepneſſe of the riches of Gods wiſedome,
How vnſearcheable are his wayes to mans reaſon:
Our parte therfore is firſt to beleue Gods worde,
Not doubtyng but that he wil his elected ſaue:
Then to put full truſt in the goodneſſe of the Lorde,
That we be of the number which ſhall mercy haue:
Thirdly ſo to liue as we may his promiſe craue.
Thus if we do, we ſhall Abrahams chyldren be:
And come with Iacob to endleſſe felicitie.
All the reſt of the actours aunſwer Amen.

Then foloweth the prayer.

Iſaac. NOw vnto God let vs pray for all the whole clergy,
To geue them grace to auaunce gods honor and glory.
Then for the Quenes maieſtie let vs pray,
Rebecca. Vnto God to kepe her in helth and welth night and day,
And that of his mere mercy and great benignitie,
He will defend and maintaine hir eſtate and dignitie,
That ſhe béeing greéued with any outward hoſtilitie,
May againſt her enimies, alwaye haue victorie.
Iacob. God ſaue the Quenes counſailours moſt noble and true,
And with all goodneſſe their noble heartes endue.
Eſau. Lord ſaue the nobilitie and preſerue them all:
And proſper the Quenes ſubiects vniuerſall.
Amen.

Thus endeth this Comedie or Enterlude
of Iacob and Eſau.

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